

The TATLER

Vol. CXLIV. No. 1867

London
April 7, 1937



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The TATTLER

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MISS MARY ELLIS

Cannons of Hollywood, Dover Street

The film première of *Glamorous Night* will take place at the Regal Cinema, Marble Arch, on April 15, and in it Miss Mary Ellis plays the part of the famous opera singer, in which she won such fame in the stage production at Drury Lane. The play was first put on in May, 1935. The gala film première at the Regal is in aid of the National Union of Journalists' Widows and Orphans Fund

PANORAMA



MISS MARY ASQUITH

The elder daughter of the Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Asquith makes her début this season, and is being presented by her mother. Miss Mary Asquith is a granddaughter of the late Lord Oxford and Asquith, and a niece, on the distaff side, of Lord Manners. Her mother is now Mistress of Clovelly, having succeeded the late Mrs. Christine Hamlyn in a position which gives her almost a dictator's powers—should she choose to use them—over this famous Devon fishing village.

"And now the crowded hours—the mingling throng."—ANON.

THE curtain rises.

Dustman to Duchess, pantry-boy to Prince, they will play their part in the first season of a new reign—all take their place in the Coronation ceremonies and celebrations.

As a united family we rejoice!

As a united family we face the future with confidence and hope! God bless us all.

The fact that Easter fell so early this year accounted for the rather tardy return of the holiday-makers, and you can't blame people for preferring the sunshine and warmth of Nassau, Florida or Monte Carlo to the snow, grey skies, and biting winds that greeted those of us who came back reluctantly to face life in London on Easter Tuesday.

But by the time you are reading this the season will have begun. Everyone—that means



LORD SHAFTESBURY, LADY ELMLEY AND LADY GEORGINA AGAR

Sitting back in the pleasant spring sunshine which favoured Wincanton's Easter Monday meeting. Lady Georgina Agar's brother, Lord Normanton, ran his Sweet Berry in the Wincanton 'Chase, but did not, for once, ride it himself; it was third, Ogpu and Wild Boy filling the first two places. Lord Elmley's wife comes from Denmark and was formerly the widow of Dornonville de la Cour of Copenhagen. St. Giles's House, near Wimborne, is Lord Shaftesbury's attractive west-country home

those familiar names and faces—will be back, and, inevitably, luncheon, dinner (and gossip) parties will be well under way.

As to the débutantes' dances, they go on, like "the babbling brook," for ever,

jostling each other for a place in the most crowded social season London has known since the war.

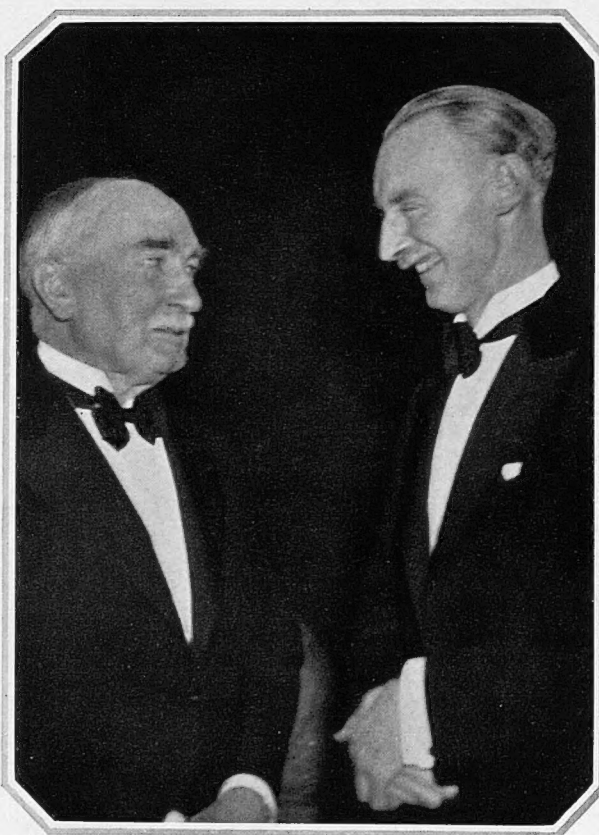
Restaurants are packed, but the Ritz temporarily is partly out of action. Aletto no longer shepherds his guests into what I always think is the most pleasant luncheon room in London, with its great windows overlooking the Green Park. Like so many other places, the Ritz restaurant is getting ready for the Coronation, and those who lunch there are now given tables in the foyer usually reserved for those who come streaming in from one o'clock onwards to have cocktails and gossip as a preliminary to lunch.

Each day now brings further news of Coronation arrangements, and the more one hears of these the more one realises the feats of endurance which those who are taking any active part in one of the thousand-and-one different aspects of the ceremony will be called upon to perform.

"They also serve who only stand and wait" applies with rather special force to the "Gold Staff Officers," who will be performing the duties of ushers in Westminster Abbey on May 12.

Showing guests to their seats in the Abbey sounds an easy job until one realises that the "ushers" will have to be on duty from about half-past five in the morning until late in the afternoon on a breakfast of fish, sausages and coffee or tea to be

Bassano



AT THE MONTE CARLO SPORTING CLUB

Captain Sir Gerald Burke and Field-Marshal Sir Claud Jacob. The occasion was a gala one and the Burkes celebrated it with a big dinner party, Sir Claud and Lady Jacob being among their guests. Sir Claud Jacob is a former C-in-C. the Army in India and Colonel of the Worcestershire Regiment, and has been a Field-Marshal since 1926

served in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords.

An early breakfast is never an appetising meal at the best of times, and in addition to their Coronation Day duties Gold Staffs will have attended several rehearsals by the time the great day arrives.

The duties of special constables on Coronation Day will also be particularly arduous.

Even officialdom warns them of some of the duties involved that these will be performed "at great personal sacrifice," or "call for considerable endurance." The choice of duty (or should one call it "evils") is traffic control and patrol duty in the Division, duty on the route of the procession involving a call on their services from 6 a.m. to 4 p.m. (or until dismissed); or on the Transports list which involves motor patrol work. In any event "specials" can look forward to a long and tiring day. Still there's no lack of volunteers, even those who haven't worn their uniform for years are having these examined and "let out" to allow for the spread of advancing years.

Meantime, kind-hearted house-owners are doing their bit towards Coronation Day preparations by offering hospitality to tired "specials" from the suburbs when they come off duty.

* * *

It is interesting to notice how well "families" are represented among those chosen to be in attendance on the King and Queen.

The Duke of Rutland's family is an example. While the Duke, dark-haired and romantic look-

The Duchess of Northumberland, Mistress of the Robes to the Queen, will have one of her younger sons to act as her page, while her



Poole, Dublin

SIR ERNEST AND LADY WILLS
AT SLANE CASTLE

Sir Ernest Wills is seen with the first fish he took out of the Boyne whilst he and Lady Wills were the guests of Major and Mrs. Johnnie O'Rourke, who have rented Slane and the beat for the salmon-fishing season. Slane Castle is owned by the Marquess of Conyngham, one of whose sisters, incidentally, is Lady Helen McCalmont, wife of the famous Master of the Kilkenny Hounds



Hay Wrightson

THE HON. MRS. OLIVER GRAHAME
HALL AND HER CHILDREN

The Hon. Mrs. Grahame Hall is the youngest of Lord and Lady Riverdale's three daughters, and married the famous artist who paints under the name of "Claude Muncaster." Mr. Oliver Grahame Hall is an A.R.W.S., and his work has graced the Royal Academy ever since 1919. The two little boys in the picture are Martin and Clive

ing, is to carry the Sceptre with the Cross (part of the Queen's Regalia), the Duchess will be one of the four holding the canopy over Her Majesty's head during the anointing ceremony, and their daughter, Lady Ursula Manners, will be one of the six train-bearers, in company with her cousin, vivacious and attractive Lady Elizabeth Paget.

* * *

Charities, of course, must play their part in this month of generosity and hospitality. Lady Carlisle will return from Egypt, where she has been staying at the Residency, to cope with the final arrangements of a film premiere in aid of the Widows and Orphans Fund of the National Union of Journalists. This is the first time for thirteen years that this charity has appealed in London, and, as the newspapers are so unfailingly kind to all other charities, Lady Carlisle and her joint chairman, Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale, hope to have a record performance at the Regal on April 15 with *Glamorous Night*. Lady Ravensdale lent her new Cornwall Terrace house for a committee meeting, where indefatigable Mrs. Warren Pearl and "chic" Mrs. Shieff were exceedingly generous under the Chinese lamps of the linen-hung dining-room, and little Lady Plunket promised, the very day she returned from Palm Beach, to give a gigantic cocktail party "to help."

* * *

Looking abroad for news I hear that Rom Landau, the brilliant young author, who is travelling in search of spiritual adventure in the Near East, was in Saudi Arabia received by King Ibn Sa'ud in a special camp built outside the walls of Mecca. It was the first time for years that a visitor had been honoured in this way when the pilgrimage to Jidda was in progress. The King arrived at the camp accompanied by his bodyguards, slaves, and about thirty motor cars, and received Mr. Landau in a tent lined with carpets. After two hours'

(Continued overleaf)



GEN. THE HON. SIR FRANCIS GATHORNE-HARDY AND MRS. SKINNER

The occasion was the Gunners' Meeting at Sandown last week, second only to the Grand Military both for the quality of the racing and as a rendezvous for old and young comrades. Sir Francis Gathorne-Hardy is the ex-G.O.C.-in-C. Aldershot, and an uncle of Lord Cranbrook. He was a Grenadier Guard

PANORAMA—continued

conversation dinner was served in another tent and just before the end of the meal slaves presented Mr. Landau with one of the King's own royal robes. The King's humanity and deep religiosity greatly impressed the author of "God is My Adventure," who has left Arabia for the Republic of Lebanon, after which his travels will take him to Palestine, Iraq and Turkey.

* * *

One of the pleasantest and most friendly race meetings of the year is the R.A. Meeting at Sandown Park.

Its pleasant, intimate character is because practically every racegoer on this occasion, "jockeys" included, is a gunner, and gunners are proverbially "clannish" where anything to do with the Royal Regiment of Artillery is concerned. This year the meeting was held in pleasant, sunny weather, warmish for a change, and it was generally agreed that the attendance was larger than ever.

The weather even tempted some of the wives of gunners into new Easter outfits. Quite the smartest woman in the paddock wore a belted coat of white lamb with a muff and jaunty cap of the same fur!

Tweed suits, smartly cut, were well in evidence, but why will some women come to a country race meeting in patent leather court shoes!

March Brown's victory in the Royal Artillery Gold Cup was what everyone expected, but, alas! at a price that didn't give one a chance to make "a packet."

Distinguished generals greeted one another, subalterns escorting smart young things pointed out "celebrities" past and present of "The Regiment." They, of course, included Col. H. L. Powell, who has more or less "run"

the meeting for more years than, perhaps, he would care to say, and was the owner of the once famous Midshipmite back in—well, never mind when!—and Field-Marshal Lord Milne, whose daughter was married in the Church of St. Peter ad Vincula in the Tower a week or two ago. One couldn't miss tall Field-Marshal Sir Archibald Montgomery-Massingberd, once C.I.G.S. (Chief of the Imperial General Staff) and a member of the Army Council. Sir Bertram and Lady Kirwan were there and General Sir William Ironside, G.O.C.-in-Chief of the Eastern Command. There were a host of other distinguished personages too numerous to mention, but I noticed Sir William and Lady Thwaites anxiously trying to pick a really profitable winner, and Sir Stanley von Donop, who was greeting many old friends.

* * *

Luckily, the weather was spring-like, too, on the day chosen for the South Notts point-to-point at Oxtou.

Everyone was delighted when the Hon. Mrs. Edward Greenall won the Ladies' Race. Her husband is Joint-Master of the Belvoir, and this is by no means the first race she has won. Riding races is only one of her sporting hobbies; she hunts and flies, and is a keen polo player, and on one occasion established what must have been a record by hunting in Leicestershire on Wednesday, hunting wild boar in France on Thursday and Friday, and hunting in Leicestershire again with the Belvoir on Saturday.

Travellers returning every day tell stories of basking in sunshine, and their sunburnt faces are a reproach to our blue cheeks, red noses and "hacking coughs."

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland are among the recently "returneds." Part of their time abroad was spent as the guests of Sir Bede and Lady Clifford in Nassau. Sir Bede is the Governor of the Bahamas, and is making a great effort to popularise the islands. Mr. Noel Coward is recuperating there at the moment after his strenuous success in *To-night at 8* in New York. The Duchess of Sutherland is likely to be a ball hostess this Coronation Season. If history repeats itself, and there is no reason to doubt that it will, her "party" will once again make social history.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward de Winton Wills, who left London just after Christmas and went on to Nassau from New York, are back. Lady Barker, too, who owns that lovely house, Barwell Court, Chessington, as well as a flat in Rutland Court, is another who has lately come back from New York. London is really filling up and already the sight of tall, broad-shouldered Australians in feather-trimmed hats provides a reminder that Coronation visitors have arrived in London.



LADY SACKVILLE AND HER POLICE DOG FRIEND

George P. King

A snapshot at Knole last week whither Lady Sackville has just returned from Cannes. The watch-dog is not named by the intelligencer, but he has been his mistress' faithful shadow for years. Lady Sackville is the former Miss Anne Bigelow, of New York, and married Lord Sackville as his second wife in 1924. The first Lady Sackville died in 1920

* * *

Post-Easter restaurant programmes include Douglas Byng at the Café de Paris and a good midnight variety all-star programme at Grosvenor House, where Vic Oliver is compère, and helps in the programme. Red-headed, magnolia-skinned Mrs. Vic Oliver, who is still spoken of as Sarah Churchill, came along the first night to see the show, which is, among other things, more distinguished for the amount of dress worn by the girl members of the "Aristocrats" than by dancers. Their turn is the best possible proof that semi or almost complete nudity isn't essential to a graceful dance act. Gali-Gali, Egyptian conjuror, disconcertingly

planted live chickens in the shirt-front of a staid visitor seated at a ringside table. Having extracted four birds the harassed man made a bee-line for his table only to be pulled up short by the chirping of a fifth bird whose presence he had not until that moment suspected.

The list of gala entertainments planned for Coronation Season grows larger every day.

Next Wednesday at the Curzon Cinema "Pépé le Moko" comes under the heading of gala première. All the proceeds go to Mrs. Dudley Ward's Feathers Club for Children, an object which almost everyone, surely, will find it impossible to overlook.

The Duchess of Gloucester, whose list of public engagements is already formidably long, has promised to go to the Granada Cinema, Barking Road, East Ham, on the 30th to see *London Melody*, in aid of Tower Hill improvement. In case you do not already know what this involves, it means, in brief, the turning of Tower Hill into a central park. An optimistic idea, but one that is well on the way to being fulfilled.

Finally, and charity apart, there's the Coronation Season of international opera which opens on the 19th and lasts until June 30.

Lovers of the *Ring* will be interested to hear that *Parsifal* will be given between April 22 and May 3, that the first cycle of the *Ring* is on May 13, and that large numbers of seats and boxes have been taken by subscription for the whole season.

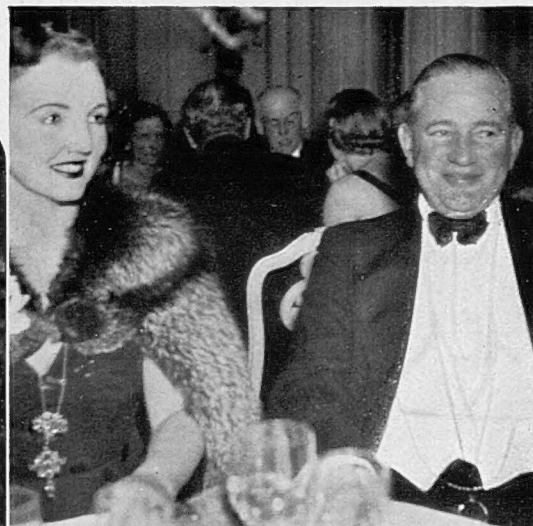
MONTE CARLO GALA



THE COMTE DE MONTAL AND THE GRAND DUCHESS BORIS OF RUSSIA



HERR FRITZ KREISLER AND HIS AMERICAN - BORN WIFE



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MRS. CROCKER AND COLONEL THE HON. HENRY GUEST



MR. MERVYN TAYLOR AND HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW, MRS. VERNON TATE

These pictures were taken when the Monte Carlo Sporting Club staged one of its so popular gala evenings. Best bibs and tuckers were the order of the night, and the Grand Duchess Boris of Russia was among those contributing to the highly decorative general effect; her husband is the Duchess of Kent's maternal uncle. That world-famous violinist, Fritz Kreisler, was present with his wife. The following night he played to an enthralled audience at Cannes. Major "Jack" Courtauld, Member for Chichester, and owner of Barton Park, near Petworth, had an outside dinner party, of which Colonel the Hon. Henry Guest was the life and soul. Mrs. Vernon Tate, Lord de Clifford's mother, had her son-in-law and daughter, the Mervyn Taylors, with her, and thought the gala occasion worthy of her quite magnificent new diamond necklace. Immensely rich Mrs. Cornelius Dresselhuys was Mrs. Lorraine Manville Gould Aldao before her recent marriage. Her popular Dutch husband is well known in London, having been Liberian Minister over here. The Marchese Strozzi, the head of a very venerable and noble Florentine family, had the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes as his dinner partner. Mrs. Fellowes, so renowned for her dress sense is a sister of the Duc Decazes



THE MARCHESE STROZZI AND THE HON. MRS. REGINALD FELLOWES

THE CINEMA

"The Good Earth"

By JAMES AGATE

I HATE wet-blankets. One of the horrid things in criticism is to like something rather less than you are supposed to. An almost certain way of making anybody dislike anybody else is to tell them they will like them exceedingly. (The holiday spirit being still upon me, I am too lazy to disentangle the last sentence.) Now it so happens that I have not yet got into the fortunate position of being a tremendous admirer of the writings of Mrs. Pearl Buck, one of the reasons doubtless being that I have not yet read that book of hers which is most generally esteemed. Now, why have I not been a Buckite? I think the reason is that I largely mistrust English novels about foreign parts. I do not think it possible for any Chinese lady, however brilliant with her mind as well as with her pen, to get under the skin of, say, a Lancashire cotton operative, a Durham collier, a Cockney bank clerk, or a centre-forward in professional football. Why, then, should any English lady be able to get under the skin of a Spanish matador, a Russian moujik, an African witch doctor, or a Chinese peasant? People tell me that Pierre Loti got well under the Basque skin, and equally well under the Icelandic and the Japanese. I just don't believe it. I believe that these books of Loti, which I have known intimately, merely express what Loti would have felt had he been born a native of these other countries. I have been moved to look up what I wrote about another novel by Mrs. Buck, and I find this, written a year or two ago:—

"The dust cover of *East Wind, West Wind*, quotes opinions of such ecstasy concerning Mrs. Buck's previous work that the inevitable happened—I was disappointed. One critic quoted is not sure that *The Good Earth* is not the finest book of the last five years. I can only say that the present volume is not by at least fifty the finest book that has passed through my hands in the last five months. I shall say that Mrs. Buck's handling of the subject is distinctly ahead of that of the average English writer, whose only notion of China is to assemble on a musical-comedy stage a number of almond-eyed gazelles to whom some giraffe-like creature in spotted muslin—only the dramatic critics write of this kind of actress more politely—explains in song and dance the ways of English countesses."

And now I come to the film called *The Good Earth* which has gone off with such a bang at the Palace Theatre. My chief difficulty with this is that it didn't seem to me to have anything very much to do with China, a country about which I know nothing whatever except what I have gleaned from one of Lamb's best essays—though I admit that this was old China rather than new!—and one of Théophile Gautier's most exquisite poems. Add Octave Mirbeau's *Le Jardin des Supplices* and lacerating recollections of Miss Lilian Braithwaite in a tea-gown spurning the advances of Mr. Wu, who was wearing one also, and there the reader has all I know about China. Nevertheless, I did not feel that Mr. and Mrs. Chang, or whatever they are called, were remotely Chinese. I thought that Chang was just my old friend Mr. Paul Muni giving an extremely good performance of what a very clever modern film-actor thinks a Chinaman should be. And I also thought that Mrs. Chang was just my young friend Miss Luise Rainer giving an exquisite rendering of what my clever Austrian actress imagines a Chinese peasant-woman to be like. The whole of Mrs. Chang's part was like the bedroom scene in

Escape Me Never, with the addition of a bowl of gold-fish to give local colour. Miss Rainer's performance was superb, except that to moon about with a face like the back of the kitchen-grate, whether it be Austrian or Chinese, takes exactly one-hundredth part of the ability required to play a rôle by Racine, Ibsen, O'Neill, or even Sardou, and that none of the younger critics of acting, film or theatre, has yet realised this or looks likely to. Therefore, I shall say that Miss Rainer's performance, while superb, is easy. What I want to see is Miss Rainer playing Camille and La Garbo playing Mrs. Chang. We know that Duse, who was a really great actress, could and did run the entire gamut. The point is not made often enough that a performance may be superb and yet not difficult to do! Even if we give full marks to both these performances as fine performances, the fact remains that, in my view, none of them stepped two inches out of Hollywood. There were two real Chinese actors in the film—I allude to the speaking parts—who simply made nonsense out of Mr. and Mrs. Chang. The proper way, of course, was to cast two Chinese players for the two major parts, which would probably have torn up the film in another direction. In other words, revealed it for the essentially Western conception that it is. I do not believe that any ageing Chinese wife receives the advent of a second, younger, and more beautiful one with an expression of something half-way between resignation and beatitude, and wholly Burne-Jones-like. Nor do I believe that a Chinese landowner would forgive his son for flirting with his second wife merely because he helped to turn the hose on a handful of locusts. Or millions of handfuls of locusts. I do not believe that in the same circumstances an English farmer would forgive his son for carrying on with his step-mother merely because he had helped to put out a fire in the stack-yard.

And perhaps least of all on the night in question did I believe in the second wife, who was Miss Tilly Losch, going all Buddhist just as she goes all Gothic, and just as she would if you asked her to go all Rosicrucian.

To tell the truth, of which I am horribly ashamed, I found the whole film a little pretentious and rather boring. How, by the way, any Chinese artist would laugh at the Western notion of employing ten thousand people to suggest a revolution, knowing that it can be perfectly well done with a couple of stove-in shots and two or three Chinamen nailed to the shutters? If you want to convey the idea of numbers you nail one of them upside down.

Every good stage-producer knows perfectly well that the way to represent a crowd is to use five people, not four, which makes two pairs, or six, which splits up into two trios, but five, which divides naturally into a pair and a trio. All this business of employing ten thousand people merely means that Hollywood hasn't the vaguest notion of film-producing.

I would back a Stanislavsky to give a better effect of numbers and employ not a soul above two hundred. In irrefutable support of my argument, let me say that the storm in which not more than a score of figures were utilised, and most of the time only two, was by far the finest part of the film. This was real film art, whereas the much-vaunted locusts were merely toy-shop nonsense.



Hyman Fink

VISITORS TO HOLLYWOOD: COMMANDER AND MRS. HUGHES-ONSLOW WITH WOODY VAN DYKE AND GLADYS GEORGE

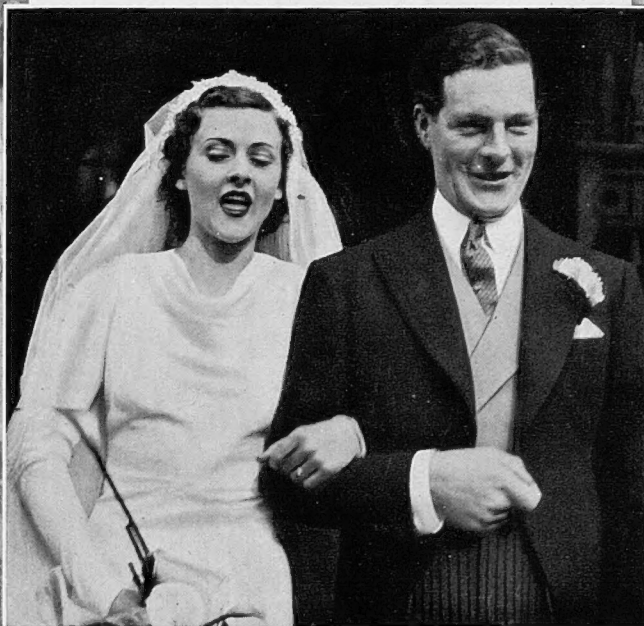
The photograph was taken on the set of *They Gave Him a Gun*, a M.-G.-M. picture now in production. Commander Hughes-Onslow is on the left at the back of the picture, and his wife seated on the right. She was Miss Daphne Brudenell-Bruce; and is a cousin of the Marquess of Ailesbury. Woody van Dyke is the director of the film and Gladys George is its attractive leading lady

A BIG WEDDING

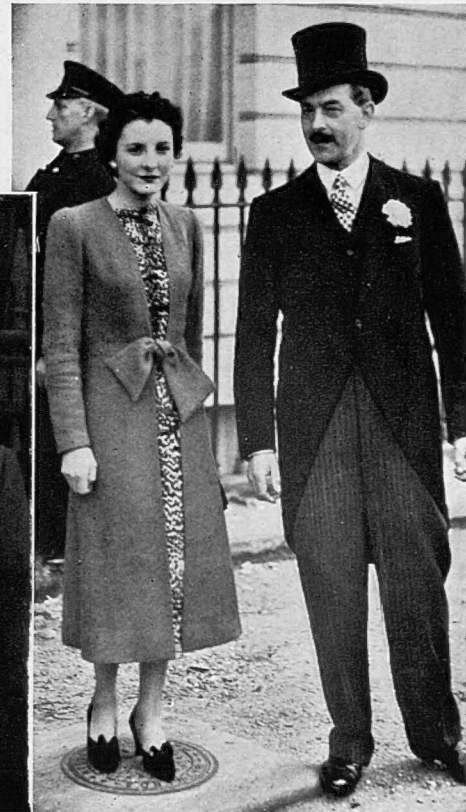
Miss Pamela Grant-Sturgis
Marries Mr. A. A. Cameron



TWO BRIDESMAIDS: MISS SUSAN
BLIGH AND MISS DIANA BETHELL



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING
ST. MARK'S, NORTH AUDLEY STREET



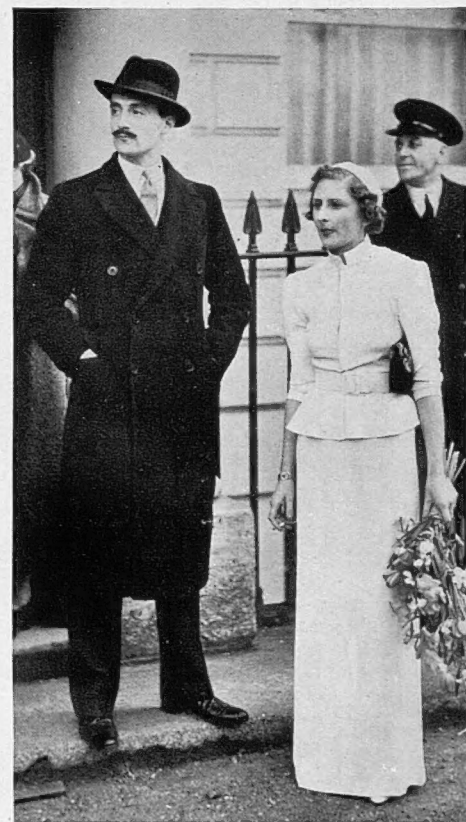
THE BRIDE'S FATHER, SIR MARK
STURGIS, WITH LADY O'NEILL



MRS. ALASTAIR MAYNARD, MRS.
HIRSCH, AND MRS. HART-DAVIS



THE BRIDE'S BROTHERS, MR. PATRICK AND MR.
ROBIN GRANT-STURGIS, WITH MISS HARRISON



MR. JOHN TOLLEMACHE AND
THE HON. NEFERTARI BETHELL

One of the most crowded of last week's London weddings took place on Wednesday at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. The bridegroom was Mr. Allan Alexander Cameron, second son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Allan Cameron, and Sir Mark and Lady Rachel Grant-Sturgis's very attractive only daughter was the bride. Wearing close-fitting white crêpe, Miss Grant-Sturgis made a charming picture. Her father gave her away, and her long train was carried by the bridegroom's nephew, Ian Cameron. Three of the eight bridesmaids are seen on this page. It will be observed that their outfits—somewhat in the Russian manner—were thoroughly distinctive. Miss Diana Bethell is the Hon. Mrs. Beck's daughter by her first marriage; Miss Susan Bligh, who recently flew to Cologne, is a niece of Lord Darnley; the Hon. Nefertari Bethell is Lord Westbury's sister. Outside 23, Knightsbridge, where the reception was held, the camera was kept busy spotting well-knowns, such as Lady O'Neill and Mrs. Richard Hart-Davis, both of whom looked particularly engaging. The bride's brothers, the younger of whom is at Dartmouth, helped to see to it that a good time was had by all



SO FAR SO GOOD--OR SO BAD! EARLY ON WINNERS AND LOSERS

Drawn by "The Tout"

Some of the competitors in the early stages of the battle on the Flat as seen by "The Tout." The names, left to right, are: Tom Stephenson and A. E. McKinley, joint owners of Latoi, winner of the Liverpool Spring Cup. Standing just behind is Harry Peacock, their trainer; next are "Chub" Leach and N. S. Erleigh, who tried but failed to win the Lincoln with Straight Deal, the ex-selling plater; next Malcolm McAlpine, who won the Brocklesby with Koa and hopes to win the One Thousand and Oaks with Lover's Path; behind him is Jack Sirett, his jockey, and finally, Jim Russell, who trains at Mablethorpe (Lincs) and whose good thing for the Lincoln, Take My, failed to materialise.

LAST week, in company with some possibly equally influential patrons of our stable, I went to Newmarket for that most thrilling and informative thing, a trial. Those who have never possessed horses have no idea of the difficulties attendant upon this procedure, especially in a small stable. First, there must be a sufficiency of animals of about the same degree of forwardness and class, not always easy to find. Then there should be some animal which has already run or been galloped with something that has run to give some sort of line to the current form. This is possibly difficult also. The question then arises of whether the gallop should be all jockeys or all lads, for I think it is generally agreed that mixing them is asking for a false gallop. The day having been fixed and all arrangements made, it rains stair-roads for two days before the gallop, so that not only have the animals not been able to be worked, but the only ground open for galloping is the centre of the Bury-Newmarket road. All of these difficulties had been overcome, and we retired to bed early to be called at some godless hour in the morning. The rain, snow, frost, hailstones, and flames of fire held off, but next morning there was a fog as thick as a numnah. On getting out of the car and walking on to the Heath we were at once completely lost, and eventually, with the aid of a Heath man, found our way to the wrong furlong post. (Yes, you may laugh, but two or three of the gallops at Newmarket have now got furlong posts, a staggering invention of modern science.) The trainer then loomed up out of the fog to say that one jockey had rung up last thing the night before to say he couldn't get back from Nottingham, and another was lost in the fog, and we should have to do the best we could without them. After a long and frozen wait, there was a thudding of hoofs, and three animals straggled out of the darkness, going about half-speed. But where was the fourth? When it turned up about half a minute later its rider explained that at the word "go" the animal had appeared to be endeavouring to knock non-existent flies off its ears. Looking intently over the side, he had at last made sure that it was moving, and at the end of a furlong, when, as he said,

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

it had settled, it adopted the action of a pig swimming, and he was in dread of its cutting its own throat. He led the sobbing animal away, and we returned to a gargantuan meal of soles, sausages, and eggs, comforting ourselves with the thought that if ignorance is bliss that the amount we had learned should make us sublimely happy. It was not unfunny to see the Newmarket correspondent of *The Times* select "with confidence" our mislaid animal when it ran "on the strength of a good gallop" it had just done. The man must have been blissful to the verge of delirium.

It was a glorious, sunny day when we left for Nottingham, but in twenty miles we had run into a blizzard which broke the windscreen wiper. We backed losers all day and motored unendingly back to London in pouring rain. Not a good day, the only bright spot being the life-saving methods adopted towards me with a bottle by the very kind stewards in their lunch room. Kempton was rather cold and depressing, though the rain held off. On the Monday there was racing all over England to cater for all tastes and classes, and poor indeed must be the animal for which no winning chance can be found anywhere. The "books" do not like to take S.P. bets for these small meetings, and with telegraph offices closed at 10 a.m. and the innumerable ruses and ramps that can be, and are, employed, one can hardly blame them for advertising that they will not accept bets for certain meetings by telegram, 'phone, letter, special messenger, or radio. I believe it is a fact that some years ago some lads with real, true battleship-grey matter in their heads, concocted a meeting of their own, miles from anywhere, and very obligingly wrote to one of the chief sporting papers and offered to report the racing and return the starting prices. They published a full programme of the races and sent in their report and S.P. next day. The bookmakers duly paid out on some very heavily backed, long-priced outsiders, and everything went according to Cocker, except that there was no race meeting—a fact which was never discovered till all the cheques had been cashed.

Nevertheless, last Monday the "books" might have done better taking S.P. bets about small races in the provinces than

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RACING AND 'CHASING IN THE GREEN ISLE



IN PHOENIX PARK: THE HON. MRS. COMBE, SIR IAN STEWART-RICHARDSON AND MRS. BOWDEN



LADY CRAIG AND LADY LOUTH AT DUBLIN'S RACE-MEETING



ALSO RACING IN PHOENIX PARK: LORD AND LADY MILTON AND MR. C. WALSH



AT FAIRYHOUSE: LT.-COLONEL SIR JOHN LESLIE AND MRS. LINDSLEY



JUST ENGAGED: SIR JOHN PRICHARD-JONES AND MISS HEATHER NUGENT



Photographs by Poole, Dublin
TWO MORE AT FAIRYHOUSE: THE HON. GAVIN AND MRS. CAREW

What with the Phoenix Park opening its flat season on Easter Saturday and a 'chasing meeting at Fairyhouse on Easter Monday, the business of entertaining holiday house-parties was a comparatively simple one for Irish hosts and hostesses. Visitors over from England included Viscount Coke's elder daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Simon Combe; also Sir Ian Stewart-Richardson, and Lady Craig, whose husband, Sir Gordon Craig, an ardent yachtsman and golfer, is chairman of New Era National Pictures. Lady Milton, *née* Plunket, went to live in Yorkshire on her marriage, but she and her husband, the Master of the Derwent, are often over in her home country. Lady Louth was the widow of Sir John Prichard-Jones when she married the fourteenth Baron Louth, of Louth Hall, near Ardee, in 1926. Her son by her first marriage, Sir John Prichard-Jones, second Baronet, has just become engaged to Sir Walter and Lady Nugent's elder daughter, Miss Heather Nugent. Sir John and his fiancée were at Fairyhouse on Irish Grand National day and came in for plenty of congratulations. Sir John Leslie, of Glasslough, who had an American friend, Mrs. Lindsley, in his party, watched the finish of the big race with keen interest. Others who saw Pontet win included Lord Carew's brother, the Hon. Gavin Carew, and his wife, the former Miss Aileen Cecil; they were staying with their uncle, Major Conolly, at Castletown, in County Kildare

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING



Vandyk

MISS MARGARET LINDSAY WILLIAMS,
THE FAMOUS ARTIST

Miss Lindsay Williams' beautiful portraits of H.M. the Queen and the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, which will be reproduced in the Coronation Number of "The Tatler," have won her well-deserved renown. They were painted after a very few sittings, and the big success achieved is therefore all the more amazing. Miss Lindsay Williams recently held an exhibition of her work

and none has really come to grips with life, apart from books and newspapers. All the same, it does not make for verisimilitude when the callow youth and maiden discuss the verities as if with all the knowledge of a mature mind in which few of its aspects have been left by experience in a half-baked condition. One is very interested when a man or woman who has lived long, thought and endured much, puts the world to rights, and gives us—the muddlers among traditions—a few hard blows straight in the middle of our tenderest prejudices. But for someone who has not yet loosed his parents' apron-strings to set out to do the same is just boring, and in much the same sense as an old "dodderer" bores whose mind has begun to "dodder."

Modern youth is very much the same species as former youths have always been. It is not a new and enlightened race of beings, as some people would have us believe, who were born out of the agony of the war. Thus it is very difficult to believe in the youthful heroes of so many modern novels who, maybe, have not come of age, and who yet talk like idealists in their forties, as if they had been educated by experience safely, and not dangerously merely out of books.

Thus, although the hero of Mr. Richard Aldington's new novel, "Very Heaven" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), is interesting to encounter, he equally isn't very "young," no matter how much his creator insists upon his youthfulness. Consequently, although the story is brilliantly written and it interests you from beginning to end, it never struck me as being a translation of life so much as a bundle of different

One Young Man
Against His
World.

THE worst of so many modern novels which seek to "voice" the mentality of modern youth, young men usually straight from some great public school or university, is that the writers are always so inclined to put such very old heads upon such very young shoulders. Which, perhaps, is just as well, however, because it would be insufferable to wade through hundreds of pages of the vapourings of a debating society in which every member is under twenty-one

pamphlets—even tracts (not religious ones)—strung together on a series of scenes, each scene introducing another "message." For it is of the nature of such tracts and pamphlets metaphorically to set up ninepins and then demolish them unerringly. So in this story, being the story of a modern youth, scarcely anybody over thirty-five but is the completely pompous, self-deceived and self-satisfied ass, brought up in an asinine world, the legacy of, if it were possible, bigger asses.

Young Christopher Heylin's mother was originally a member of the "County-come-down," and having married for money, believed that the way to her children's "heaven" must be paved, if possible, by ten-per-cents. Christopher's father, inheritor of a large unearned income, loses it through his own financial inanity, and takes to his bed with self-inflicted "apoplexy" in order to avoid meeting his creditors face to face. Christopher, brought down from Oxford on account of the family "smash," is very nearly inveigled by his parents into marrying a rich widow, much his senior, who has "seduced" him. That arrangement, according to them, would at least set him up for life. He escapes, however, and falls in love with the girl-friend of a girl with whom he had once thought himself in love, but who refused to sleep with him; even pretended to be angry when he told her that, say what you will, that is all love between the sexes comes to if you boil down its romanticisms to the stark and naked truth. This girl-friend, Gwen, is equally ruthless in love's logic. She and Chris will sleep together, but they won't be so silly as to make a song-and-dance about it: share a bed when they feel inclined, but, for the rest, be pals and get on with their own separate jobs. Chris's sister, Juliette, however, does not escape the money-grubbing, money-grounded "idealism" of the pre-war generation. At her parents' dictation she lets go the man she loves—a dentist—to become the wife of a rich, drunken idler, a baronet to boot. She hasn't been married a year before she finds herself with a terrible disease, caught from her debauched husband.

This is the main outline of the story, but it is merely a canvas on which the author can paint some brilliantly described scenes, much clever characterisation, especially among the

"ninepins" of an older, so of course ignorant and effete, generation; and a good deal of rather angry idealism which has a Communistic tendency, mainly inspired, it seemed to me, by having the wrong kind of job to do in life and an unrighteous overdraft at the bank. And nothing makes anybody feel more Communistic than that! One's life, as a rule, is so damned long before it sorts itself out, and when eventually one has found one's niche, every chance has to be seized in a fearful hurry. I have a suspicion that life will always be like that, no matter how logically the world be eventually governed by an inspired Soviet. The rhythm of one's inner life and the rhythm of the life we are forced by physical nature and by fate to lead are nearly always out of step. It makes us very loquacious when we are very young, because words sound so much more important then than they ever really are.

The turmoil of Chris's inner conflict is the turmoil of almost every young man's whose mind, by its keener intelligence, finds itself struggling against the stream. He talked and he talked, and almost every speech was a "bomb" thrown into the smugly

(Continued on page 12)



Swaebe

MR. AND MRS. H. M. HARWOOD (TENNYSON JESSE)
AT CARLYON BAY

Mr. H. M. Harwood, the famous dramatist and theatrical manager, and his equally famous authoress wife were on a motoring holiday when the above picture was taken. Mr. Harwood qualified as a doctor and was House Physician at St. Thomas's for some time. He went into theatrical management in 1919 and his list of successful plays is a very long one. Mr. and Mrs. Harwood's favourite form of relaxation is yachting



THE KADIR (PIGSTICKING) CUP, 1937: THE SEMI-FINALISTS

The names of the people in this heat are, left to right: Captain Graham, R.A., Mr. Norman, R.H.A., Captain Adye, R.A., Mr. D. C. Barbour, 17th/21st Lancers, and Mr. J. F. Branford, R.A. (ultimate winner)



SOME OF THE GALLERY CROSSING A NULLAH



THE VICEREGAL PARTY: LADY JOAN AND LADY ANNE HOPE ON LEADING ELEPHANT



WATCHING THE FINAL: LADY ANNE AND LADY JOAN HOPE

This year's Kadir Cup, the world's greatest pigsticking contest, at which these pictures were taken, was won by Mr. J. A. Branford, R.A., on a horse called Red Turk, and he is seen with the semi-final heat in the picture at the top. Not much detail has arrived, but it can be taken as certain that the winner had to work his passage. The Viceroy and Lady Linlithgow and their daughters were at the meeting, and also another distinguished visitor, "B.P.," whose Patience, ridden by "Ding" McDougall, won it in 1883. Lord Baden-Powell's other entry, Hogmane, ridden by himself, jumped down a 10-ft. drop into a river when he was bang on top of the pig in the final heat. This is the kind of thing quite apt to happen in this contest



LORD AND LADY BADEN-POWELL AND THE HON. HEATHER BADEN-POWELL

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

existing camps. There was a grain of truth at last in the caustic letter which his time-serving old tutor wrote when he remarked: "If you are a typical specimen of young English manhood, and I've some reason to think you do represent a certain uncouth section, then God help England!" Whereupon there follows one of two scenes in which I did not believe. Chris contemplates suicide. (He wasn't that type. Talkers very rarely kill themselves.) The other scene concerns his parents and the rich woman. True, they were a couple of middle-aged, pre-war fools, but I could not believe they would be so very "strange" as to insist upon their son marrying this wealthy lady, with whom he had had an "affair," on the plea that he had "compromised" her. It was too much an exhibition of "ninepinnery." All the rest is as true to a certain aspect of life and character as can be. There isn't a person in the story you can like, none you can admire; but all of them are true to their *genre*; the things they say, the things they do. Perhaps, also, the little they stand for in permanence.

Thoughts from "Very Heaven."

"How much genius and enterprise have been lost to the world owing to the misfortune of their possessors in inheriting an income. Poverty is the sting which goads talent to success."

"Jests at the expense of others need the support of an independent income."

"While it lasts, love is a very popular state of mind, because it's the most exciting and pleasurable of all forms of auto-intoxication."

"There is no despair so poignant as the despair of the young. In them it is not the cold despair of those who reason themselves into sterility, but the hot despair of vivid impulses frustrated."

"There is exultation in making a clean sweep of an old life and starting off on a new one."

"Doubtless it is a common delusion of youth as well as of age to imagine it has abilities which are being denied all chance of activity."

A Glorious Yarn of the Sea.

You could scarcely imagine two heroes better contrasted than Richard Aldington's Chris and Mrs. Elinor Mordaunt's Jimmy Crowther, whose life and adventures make up the glorious sea-yarn "Royals Free" (Michael Joseph; 7s. 6d.). The one all frustration and intellectual impulse, the other distressingly normal, yet the best and jolliest good company. And if you imagine that a sea-yarn written by a woman must necessarily be little better than gentility striving to be mannish and rugged on a river-barge, read this book. It will disillusion you delightfully. For here is a "man's book," with the tang of the real sea in it and adventures sufficiently exciting to stir every boy's imagination. And Jimmy Crowther is the kind of boy and man to be popular wherever he is met—in a book or outside it. No wonder he left home, however, when he was fourteen. His father was a good man; but he preached. His mother cherished a grudge against her husband, and so against life, and used her "disgruntlement" both as a badge and as a weapon. So Jimmy goes off in a sailing-vessel as cook's boy. Then he is paid off at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and is indignation itself when his first

ship is considered too unseaworthy to be recommissioned. Yet off he sails again. And his adventures include a fire at sea, ship-wreck, all the exciting interludes of life on board and in foreign ports. Eventually, sailing-ships being hard to find, young Jimmy takes to steam, and finally works his way up until during the war he is given a command.

And of course there are a few rootless but serious-looking love-affairs; not exactly in every port of call, but at least in

Java and in his own home-town—where he "writes to a girl," not because he loves her, but because to have a "girl," some kind of a "girl," is as essential to manhood as being able to grow a moustache. In fact, he nearly gets married to the wrong young woman, but fate extricates him in time. Every character rings true, though Jimmy and Captain Burton, that "man of God" who rules his ship with a rod of iron, stand out. The whole story has the freshness of the open sea, and it moves as quickly and as adventurously as anyone could wish. A simply delightful change if you have become a little weary of the word, "psychology" and bored by too much introspection; yearning for a human aspect which doesn't understand either, and is far too busy living life and enjoying it to care two hoots about its ignorance.

The Wistful Note.

I know it would be bad for novelists, but I really wish one might be inoculated against love. One never knows when one is going to catch it, in what circumstances and at what age; and if these are all wrong, the result can be devastating. Mr. R. H. Mottram's most charming new novel, "Time to be Going" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), is one wistful example of this. Of course, elderly Tony Welland took a risk when he retired, his wife dead, his children married; deciding that he would return to England from abroad and settle in the little country town where he lived as a boy. It is always dangerous to uproot oneself when one is middle-aged and with nothing to do. And to return to the scenes of one's youth is either very ageing or terribly rejuvenating. Moreover, Tony was one of those middle-aged men whose mind and heart are much less wrinkled than their eyes. And instinctively one seeks to make friends with those who are attuned to one's heart and mind; those attuned to one's wrinkles are either too wise to seek new friendships or else too boring to be friendly with. However, Tony comes to his brother-in-law's house and plays charmingly the rôle of kindly "uncle" to his nieces and their friends.

Alas! one of these, Joy Avril, steals all unconsciously into his heart. She is desperately poor, and Tony is so understanding and so kind. Why should they not go to London and enjoy the Jubilee? But so base is humanity when it comes to the sexes that two unmarried octogenarians going up together to London for a visit could easily create "talk." They "talked" about Tony and Joy, and Joy's drunken old father, so parental and "moral" when there might be money in it, levies on Tony a polite kind of blackmail. This brings him to his senses, no matter how he really loves the girl in a fatherly, protective kind of way. It would not be fair to her if he persisted. At his age, it is "time to be going." What follows is not tragic so much as forlornly pathetic, culminating in an episode so deeply moving that you end by being enchanted by the story.



Yevonde

MR. EVELYN WAUGH

The novelist, who was a war correspondent in that vivid show in Abyssinia, and has also fared forth into the Arctic, South America, and Central Africa. Mr. Waugh is to be married in April to Miss Laura Herbert, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Aubrey Herbert and Mrs. Herbert. He is the author of many successful novels, including his latest, "A Handful of Dust"



MR. MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT, THE FAMOUS WATER-COLOUR ARTIST

Mr. Malcolm Arbuthnot is having an exhibition of some of his colour notes of out of the way places, which he has called appropriately "Waterways in Water-Colour," at the Fine Art Society's Galleries in Bond Street on April 7 (to-day). He is the former owner of the racing yachts *Bonba* and *Ma'ona* and has cruised very extensively

THE BEST OF THE SKI-ING AT KLEINE SCHEIDEGG



MISS ARDYN ORR-LEWIS



MR. AND MRS. MICHAEL GOLD AND MR. PETER LAYCOCK
AT KLEINE SCHEIDEGG



LADY MARY DUNN



LORD KNOLLYS SETS OUT



LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER AND MRS. PETER DU CANE



MR. ROBERT ADEANE

It is the greatest possible mistake to associate ski-ing only with the Christmas holiday period; experts know that in March the snow at the higher levels is in the best possible condition for running. It is dry and crystallised, devoid of the sticky patches that feel like running into sand. The growing power of the sun gives a glorious warmth and makes the exhilaration of the run keener than ever. Above are some of those wise enough to take advantage of these conditions. Miss Ardyn Orr-Lewis is Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis's only child; she is to be presented next year. Mr. Michael Gold is a member of the well-known rowing family; he married Miss Elspeth Bailey. Mr. Peter Laycock is the younger son of Brig.-Gen. Sir Joseph Laycock. Lady Mary Dunn, Lord Rosslyn's daughter, married Sir James Dunn's son in 1933. Lord Knollys, who was a Page of Honour to both King Edward VII. and King George V., is Chairman of the Employers' Liability Assurance Corporation. Commander Du Cane is the eldest son of Mr. C. H. C. Du Cane, the Squire of Braxted. Mr. Robert Adeane is the younger son of Mr. Robert Adeane, of Babraham, the Lord-Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire; he is a cousin of Lord Glenconner.

CONCERNING GOLF : By HENRY LONGHURST

THE details of the University match at Prince's, which was won by Cambridge by 3 points, are now ancient history, but one or two impressions of the contest in general remain to be chronicled. The match was intensely exciting this year—far more exciting than had seemed likely at the beginning of the season, when the supporters of the ultimate winners had visions of creating a new record by the margin of their victory—and was played in such superlative weather as to allay criticism of the waterlogged condition of the course. That the tales of the water in the bunkers were not merely newspaper fiction was indicated by Mr. Bernard Darwin's opening remarks at the dinner following the match. Oxford having a few hours previously won the Boat Race, he remarked that "two considerable aquatic festivals" had been decided during the day, and that it gave him much pleasure that his own University had "won the major event by the waters of Sandwich."

As it happened, however, the water made no vital difference. It ruled out the art of bunker play, but had no part in deciding the result of the match as a whole. People are liable to take unreasonable offence at legitimate criticism of the condition of their golf course: in saying, therefore, that Prince's at the time of the University match was not an adequate test of golf for an important occasion, I should make it plain that the statement is not directed against those responsible for its upkeep. Bad greens and fairways are acts of man; rain and floods are Acts of God. The greens and fairways at Prince's have never been better.

How inconsistent are the followers of sport in Britain! The Cambridge team had, to put it in a nutshell, worked hard at the game. Oxford, following the example of most of their predecessors on both sides, had simply taken it as it came. Inspired by the example of their captain, P. B. Lucas, Cambridge had practised morning, noon and night, and had indulged in a much-publicised course of mass tuition from the man they felt to be best qualified to lay down the law on the



EASTER GOLF AT LE TOUQUET

In the picture are Major and Mrs. Mayo and Mrs. Stanley Bruce, wife of the Hon. Stanley Bruce, High Commissioner of Australia, who were amongst the many who went to Le Touquet in search of a spot of warmth and rest

golf swing. Whether they had time to assimilate theories that, to most of them, were revolutionary, is another matter. The point is that the seriousness of their efforts to turn themselves into efficient golfers was met with an almost universal disapproval.

When an Oxford speaker at the dinner said that, in his view, Cambridge "would have won by more if they had not been to Henry Cotton," there was a prolonged and enthusiastic roar of applause. When Lucas himself, on the first day, had three-quarters of an hour on the practice ground, then played 36 gruelling holes (8 down at lunch, all square at the end), and then returned for another three-quarters of an hour to the practice ground, people were beginning to say that this was too much of a good thing.

This attitude seems to me to be inconsistent in two ways. No such criticism is levelled at the oarsmen who year by year provide London's principal free spectacle; yet they take both themselves and their sport with a seriousness that excites a mild form of pity in the heart of the most assiduous of golfers. Secondly, so far as is known to the world at the moment, the road to success, at sport or anything else, lies *via* hard work. You cannot claim at once the right to cry "What is wrong with British golf?"; and "Yah, boo, the fellow practises!" Have it which way you like—but don't expect to have it both ways.

The answer is, of course, that the general standard of ability among the top flight of players has risen so much and so quickly that what was good enough five or ten years ago is not good enough now—or anything like it. The week-end golfer and the champion are no longer one and the same man. If you regard it as a matter of national importance that we should beat the amateurs of the United States at golf, then you must encourage British players to work hard at the game—if that is not a contradiction in terms. Alternatively, if you object to seeing people making a labour of what you think should be a recreation, you are not entitled to disparage their efforts when Americans beat them.



THE GOLF CLUB SECRETARIES' ANNUAL DINNER, BY "MEL"

The Association of Golf Club Secretaries held its third annual dinner in London recently. The retiring captain, Mr. W. Grieve, of Duddingston, Edinburgh, handed over the badge of office to Mr. H. A. Harrop, of Moortown, Leeds, the new captain. The names in "Mel's" group are (at back): G. Miskin (Verulam), H. C. Butler (Sec., West Hill), R. B. Dawson (Director, Board of Green Research Station, Bingley), Capt. John Gelston (Sec., Brighton and Hove), and Wilfrid Bigwood (Little Aston); (in front): H. Myers, J. Pearson (Sec., Verulam), H. A. Harrop, the new captain; Major A. Whitley Laverack (Sec., English Golf Union), and Capt. H. W. Parker, Hon. Treasurer (Sec., Cuddington)

CORNISHMEN IN LONDON



THE LONDON CORNISH ASSOCIATION ANNUAL DINNER

The London Cornish Association is the parent-body of all that county's associations all over the world. While "Tre, Pol and Pen" are, curiously enough, entirely absent from "Mel's" page, the subjects of the sketches are, none the less, well-known representatives of the "delectable Duchy." Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch is the eminent litterateur and Professor of English Literature at Cambridge, who has done so much toward the glorification of Cornwall. He was the Principal Guest of the evening. Fowey is his headquarters, where, among other activities, he is Commodore of the Yacht Club. Colonel Bolitho was in the Gunners; he has served as High Sheriff of Cornwall (1931) and was at one time M.F.H. the Western Hounds, and his beneficent activities in many spheres in the Duchy are outstanding

NEXT WEEK: RICHMOND RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB

DOWN WEST: THE WYLYE VALLEY HUNT 'CHASES



MR. GORDON-CANNING, MAJOR THE HON. ERIC LONG
AND THE HON. MRS. LONG



MISS EILEEN PHIPPS, MISS MAITLAND, COLONEL MAITLAND
AND MISS GREGSON OFF TO WATCH A START



MAJOR W. D. SCOTT-WATSON, R.A.,
AND MRS. SCOTT-WATSON



MRS. SYKES, COLONEL GOODMAN
AND MR. E. C. S. HOWARD



CAPTAIN H. R. PHIPPS, M.F.H.,
AND MRS. HORACE MANN

Fine weather attended the Wylde Valley Hunt Steeplechases, held at Thoulstone, near Warminster, on Easter Saturday. The winners of the six events on the card were as follows: Members' and Farmers' Light-weight—Major R. P. Waller's Prince Hackle (Owner); Adjacent Hunt Maiden—Mr. J. A. L. Schreiber's Colleen IV. (Owner); Nomination—Mr. J. V. Rank's Hawker (Mr. F. Roads); Adjacent Hunts Ladies—Miss M. J. Parham's Another Result (Owner); 7th Field Brigade R.A.—Mr. J. T. G. Palmer's Young Pretender II. (Owner); Members' and Farmers' Heavy-weight—Mr. J. M. Sinclair's Gozo (Owner). The going was better than might have been expected, and there was a splendid showing of spectators. Captain H. R. Phipps, who hunts hounds himself, took the Wylde Valley in 1934. The following season Mr. E. K. Collins joined him in the Mastership. Captain Phipps has an Honorary First Whip—Mr. J. M. Ritchie, of the Royal Regiment. Major W. D. Scott-Watson is also R.A., and has been Master and Huntsman of the Royal Artillery Harriers since 1933. These Harriers hunt in the Tedworth country and elsewhere when invited. Miss Eileen Phipps, the tall second daughter of Mr. Charles and Lady Sybil Phipps, will not be coming out for another two years. Major the Hon. Eric Long, Lord Long of Wraxall's uncle, lives at Steeple Ashton Manor, near Trowbridge. His wife is a daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Hague Cook



LADY GLORIA FISHER: JOINT-CHAIRMAN OF THE HIGH-SPIRIT BALL

Lady Gloria Fisher is joint-chairman, with Lady O'Neill, of the Committee of the High-Spirit Ball. This is to be held at Grosvenor House on April 21st and it is in aid of the Licensed Victuallers' School and their Benevolent Institution, a function which should appeal to all who appreciate the "righteous minds of innkeepers" so deservedly praised by G. K. Chesterton. Nelson Keys, Leslie Henson and Vic Oliver, who married Miss Diana Churchill recently, are among the well-known variety artistes who will take part in the Surprise Cabaret. Lady Gloria Fisher is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lisburne, and wife of Mr. Nigel Fisher, Commander Sir Thomas Fisher's only son

SUNLIGHT AND NIGHT-LIGHT IN MONACO



MR. EDGAR GIBBONS
AND LADY MAPPIN



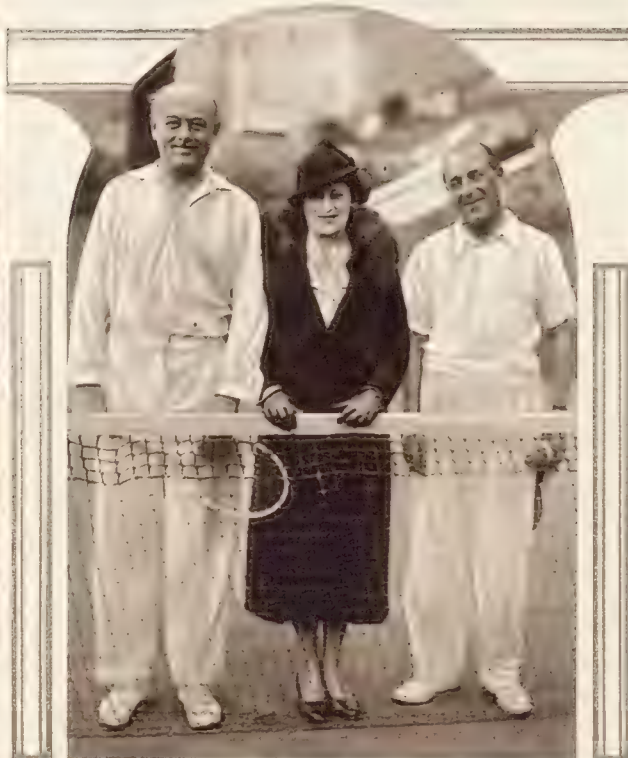
MRS. VAN RENSSELAER, COMTE SZAPARY
AND LADY ORR-LEWIS



MAJOR GODFREY MILLER-MUNDY
AND MRS. J. D. CRIMMINS



MR. TONY MONTGOMERY
AND LADY MENDEL



MR. C. P. KIMBALL AND
MR. AND MRS. LOUIS
LEZARD



MRS. PHILIP ATHERLEY AND
CONSTANCE, LADY MOON



ON LEFT: MAJOR AND
MRS. H. MEADE, GEN-
ERAL C. C. LUCAS AND
MISS ELIZABETH MEADE

On this page are some of those who have been enjoying the sun by day and the bright lights by night in Monaco. Mr. Edgar Gibbons is an Oxford undergraduate; he is the son of Lady Orr-Lewis, who is seen in the next picture on her way to dine with Comte Szapary and Mrs. van Rensselaer—the latter lately arrived from New York. Mrs. Crimmins has a villa at Antibes, her companion in the picture, Major Miller-Mundy, was in the "Tins"; he was High Sheriff of Hampshire in 1934. Mr. Tony Montgomery, whose headquarters are in Paris, was with Lady Mendl's party that visited Bali, Sumatra, Java and Ceylon, bringing back a whole aviary of exotic birds. Mr. Kimball is an American; the Lezards who are seen with him on the tennis court, come from Kimberley, S. Africa. They are the parents of Mr. Julian Lezard, well known as a fox-catcher and a G.R. of outstanding bravery. Major and Mrs. Meade are the owners of Villa Isoletta, which has its own little island on the bathing beach



A RE-ECHO
OF THE
ONE
HUNDREDTH
GRAND
NATIONAL



Photos: W. A. Rouch

A GRAND NATIONAL
CELEBRATION PARTY
AT WROUGHTON

AND (TOP) ROYAL MAIL,
EVAN WILLIAMS UP, AND
IVOR ANTHONY, WHO
TRAINED HIM

If ever a celebration were justified the Royal Mail one at Wroughton was, for in spite of any discouragement offered by immediately preceding form, Ivor Anthony and his entire entourage never wavered in their adherence. All those who doubted flew bang into the face of a benign fate; for with the most distinguished Royal male present and his Majesty's Jubilee winning the day before, surely the omens were favourable. The blind goddess is never over-kind, but surely on this occasion, she did her best. Ivor Anthony sent Royal Mail out ready to run for a King's ransom. Evan Williams outvied Cardinal Wiseman his own self. A splendid joint attack



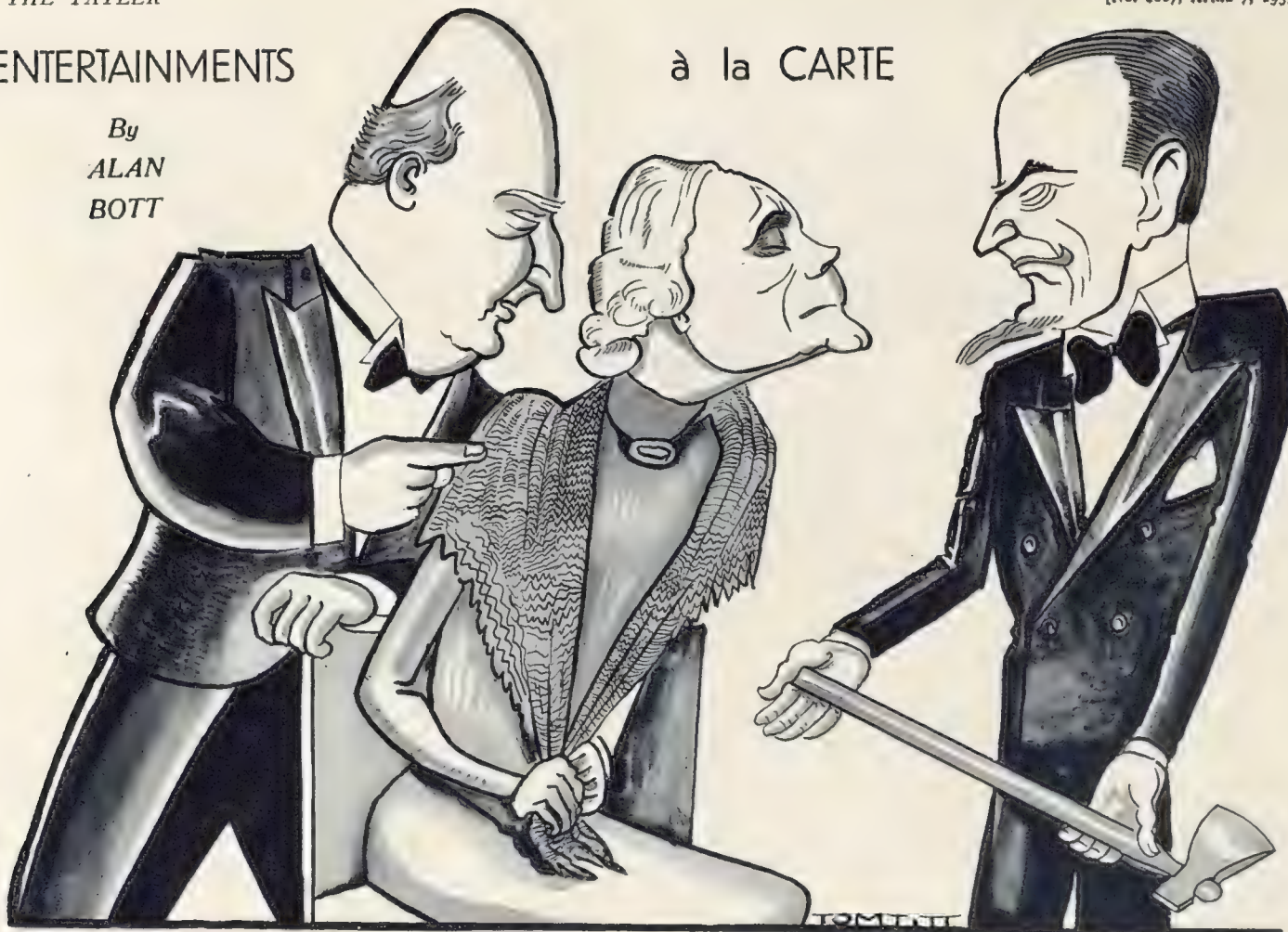
THE ROYAL MAIL PARTY AT WROUGHTON

Left to right: Evan Williams, who rode Mr. Lloyd Thomas' Royal Mail, Miss Joan and Miss Aubreen Hastings, Mr. Mervyn Jones, Ivor Anthony's nephew, Ivor Anthony, the Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Hastings, who owns Wroughton, Miss Diana Hastings, and Danny Morgan, who rides for H.M. the King

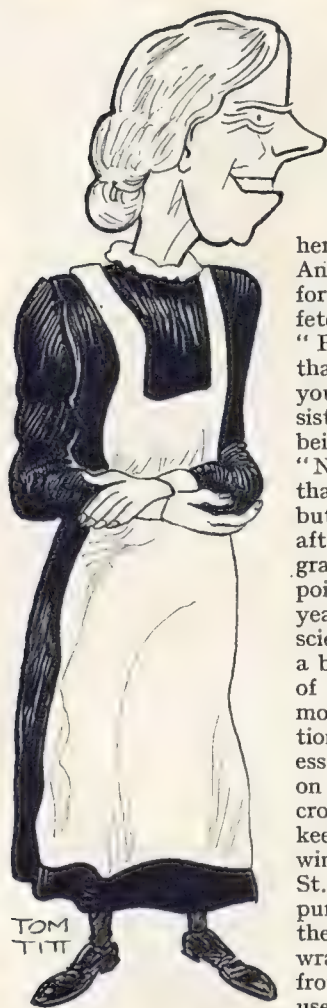
ENTERTAINMENTS

à la CARTE

By
ALAN
BOTT



ASSOCIATIONS OF AN AXE : DAVID HORNE, MARY MORRIS, CAMPBELL GULLAN

The Woman Who Hacked

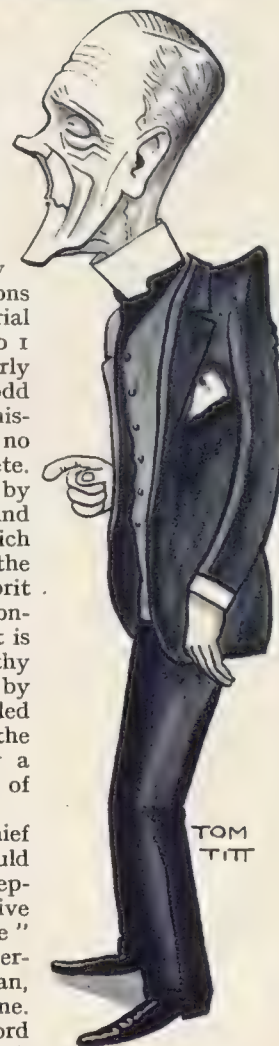
JEAN CADELL

THIRTY years ago, when girls were young ladies, a girl axed her parents into little pieces, all for the love of a sailor; and having hacked, she swam naked through a sea that cleansed her body of the victims' blood. Anybody who considers this premise for the action in *Suspect* to be far-fetched can find, in Messrs. Hodge's "Famous Trials," murders as horrid that were perpetrated by Victorian young women who loved too insistently. And at least one of them, being in Scotland, was freed by a "Not Proven" verdict, which meant that the jury believed her guilty but were just not sure enough. The after-life of a person so tainted is grand material for drama; and its point would be sharpened if the years had seemingly washed conscience as clear as the sea washes a bloodstained bosom. The author of *Suspect* (Rex Judd) has made a more obviously theatrical assumption. He presents his freed murderess as a grey widow living dimly on the Cornish coast, still hating crowds and newspapers, fiercely keeping the past at bay. The wide, windowed door above cliffs in the St. Martin's Theatre serves two purposes, one of which is to let the grey sea-mist float in like a wraith, shrouding her remoteness from everything normal. Its other use is to provide a convenient path to the shore whenever suspense demands that the sinister woman,

with her market basket, shall overhear items of conspiratorial talk about her suspected identity.

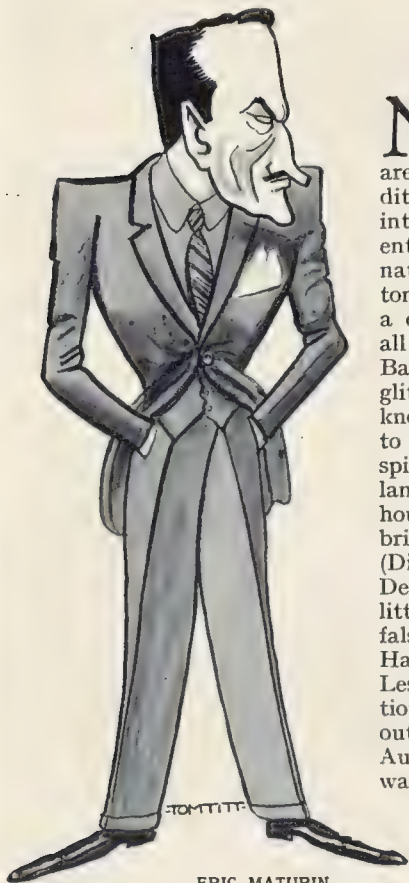
Author, producer and leading actress are all out to make your flesh creep. Arising from the chance arrival of a some-time reporter who attended the far-away trial for murder, a sequence of tensions precedes discovery. The girl on trial had an odd twitch: and it is 100 to 1 that next time she enters, the elderly mistress of the house will do an odd twitch. There is the snatch of reminiscent popular song without which no psychological thriller is complete. There is the Fearful Aura, sensed by a lady who knows about auras. And there is the axe in the fireplace, which becomes the axe hidden under the newspaper in order that the culprit of long ago may be shocked into confession of identity. When the hunt is up it becomes so cruel that sympathy for the hunted is kept away only by emphasis on past abomination, coupled with fears for what will happen to the fairly sweet girl who is to marry a young man who inherits the blood of a murderous mother.

Mary Morris's handling of the chief rôle indicates how admirable would be her Lady Macbeth in the sleep-walking scene; but she is more effective when she emerges from "atmosphere" into urgent reality. A sensitive performance comes from Campbell Gullan, and a persuasive one from David Horne. Jean Cadell, Doris Lytton, Stafford Hilliard, and Peter Murray Hill do much for the human relief from grimness.



STAFFORD HILLIARD

Miss Braithwaite Tells Some More



ERIC MATURIN

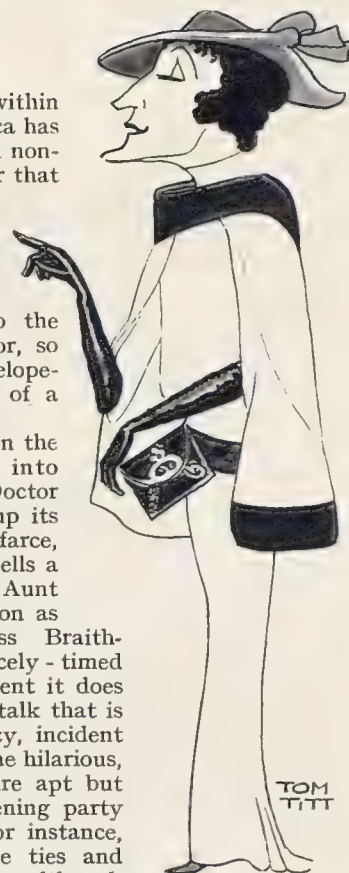
NOWADAYS, one theatrical venture in four presents an erratic family whose young are unrepressed, whose elders dither and whose sum total of interest depends upon how they entertain with talk that is all natural like. Here are the Mortons, of *Bats in the Belfry*: father, a dim clergyman in the vein of all the Little Men acted by Ivor Barnard; young Jessica, quietly glittering in Vivien Leigh's well-known manner, carelessly engaged to a bovine stockbroker whose spiritual home is in rural Metro-land; brother Edward, drink-hound and job-loser, invested with brightness less by the authors (Diana Morgan and Robert MacDermot) than by Henry Kendall; little brother Jerry, cheeky in the falsetto voice of young Charles Hawtrey; and sister Nora, who is Lesley Wareing but has no function except to lay tables and fill out the conversation piece. And Aunt Miranda, for whom the play was presumably written. It's a

Braithwaite—that is the one persuasive recommendation for this comedy at the Ambassadors. Aunt Miranda enables Miss

Braithwaite to carry on her serial rôle of the Preposterous Woman, forever conjuring up comic trouble for herself and those around, but always conjuring the trouble away because she is endearing as well as preposterous. Not for the first or the fourteenth time, she progresses from gentle fib to frantic fabrication, and lies her way through a dozen of what are intended to be hilarious situations, with the intention of making the world a more

fragrant place for everybody within sight. So Miss Leigh's Jessica has to be lied into a sufferer from non-existent tuberculosis, in order that she may be saved from marriage to a human bull; Mr. Hawtrey's Jerry has to be lied into the skin of his elder brother; and Mr. Kendall's Edward has to be lied into the name of a non-existent doctor, so that he may be kept from elopement with the willing wife of a furious husband.

At a point half-way between the metamorphosis of Jerry into Edward and Edward into Doctor Brown, the comedy throws up its hands and disappears into farce, where it stays while Auntie tells a few truths at last. When Aunt Miranda is present, such action as there is vibrates with Miss Braithwaite's personality and nicely-timed vagueness. When she is absent it does little more than quiver with talk that is occasionally bright and breezy, incident that sometimes just touches the hilarious, and household doings that are apt but not always plausible (an evening party in this country parsonage, for instance, brings hired orchestra, white ties and freely flowing champagne, although for the rest of the time the daughters have to do the chores). The authors have done well by their star, although they have sadly neglected others in the cast, including Lydia Sherwood, Eric Maturin, and Marcus Barron, but not including Michael Shepley, who offers a clever portrait of a stupid fellow. Charles Hawtrey's dealings in adolescence are deft and at times delicious.

LILIAN
BRAITHWAITEPARSONAGE HOUSE - PARTY:
LYDIA SHERWOOD, HENRY KENDALL,
MARCUS BARRON, IVOR BARNARD,
MICHAEL SHEPLEY, VIVIEN LEIGH,
LESLEY WAREING, CHARLES HAWTREY



Intran

MLLE. JEANNE BOITEL

A member of the strong cast appearing in the dramatized version of "Eugénie Grandet," which is one of the great Balzac's most famous novels. Mlle. Boitel has had a series of stage successes, and is also a favourite with the film-going public

GOODY, goody, goody, Très Cher! All is set for Easter as this leaves me; if the weather holds and if the strikers refrain from striking, we ought to have a very pleasant week-end. We are greatly thrilled, of course, about the arrival in Paris of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race crews. By the time you get this all will be over—even the echoes of the shouting—but at time o' writing we have gone all hysterical with excitement, and the daily Press positively burbles with welcoming articles, the one more lyrical than t'other! All this very much on the lines of the famous war speech made in the autumn of 1914, when one of our leading flag-flappers declared that "the same heart was beating *sous la capôte bleu de nos poilus et le kilt des écossais*"! And this is just as it should be: hands-across-the-Channel and all that sort of thing; we simply can't have enough *entente cordiale* to please me!

Not, alas! that I shall see much of the doings myself, since I am leaving town on the Wednesday after Bank Holiday. I had hoped to depart on Good Friday, properly fortified with the traditional and matutinal "hot cross bun," but a skidding omnibus ordained otherwise, and Miss Chrysler will only get her new rear wing and number-plate at the time when most of the holiday-makers will be returning. If I am honest, I must admit that I am grateful to the impromptu co-ordination of bus, greasy pavement and inexperienced young *sergent-de-ville* on traffic duty. So many of these lads seem to imagine that it is the waving of their white *bâton* that stops the car, and that the driver has no say in the matter! The chauffeur of the omnibus that tried to climb into Miss Chrysler's speeder while she was quietly

Priscilla in Paris

waiting for me at the kerb had a lot to say . . . but he said it to the policeman when the damage was done, while the dog and I looked on and grinned. We had no complaints; we were safely on the pavement, and Miss Chrysler rather needed a new lick of paint, anyway. It was a little awkward being without a car during the strike, but it's amazing how good for the old liver is an extra little bout of exercise.

Far more unpleasant was the dustmen's strike, when the dustbins were left to look after themselves for a couple of days. But even that had its funny side. I was out fairly early on the first morning of the strike, and I found a lad in evening dress, that was rather the worse for the night's wear, seated on the kerb, leaning against a well-filled garbage tin that had spilled ashes and potato peelings over his hair and shoulders, for Heaven knows what had become of his hat and coat, if he had any. Feeling altruistic and all ready to accomplish the daily act of virtue, I gently waked him and suggested that it was time to go home. He stared at me owlishly and then looked anxiously around . . . What a sigh of relief he gave as he clutched the handle of the can against which he nestled! "No, m'dear," he declared with a happy smile. "Plenty of time—never go home till they do!" And in another moment he was sleeping again, while I went on my way chuckling.

All this up-with-the-lark business is a phase that I go through every spring, and while it lasts (which is not very long) it means "early to bed," so that this week I have left undone much that I ought to have done in the way of theatre- and party-going!

However, I did stay awake for Gerald Maas's concert at the Salle Chopin, because, in my humble opinion, he is the finest 'cello player I have heard since I lost a schoolgirl heart (many, many, many years ago) to the great Somebody Squire (whose initials I have forgotten, though I so well remember his playing) at the Sunday afternoon concerts of my childhood that were the one thing that rendered the English Sabbath tolerable in those days.

Gerald Maas has great personality: he plays with grave simplicity and grandeur and has a most marvellous tone. He is of English nationality, but he studied with Loeb in Paris, Klengel at Leipzig, and Hugo Becker at Berlin. You have certainly heard him, for he often plays in London. There were a great many English listeners at this recital, for the inrush of British visitors had just started, and he received a

great reception from them as well as from his French admirers.

I so enjoy seeing the English schoolboys wandering about Paris at Easter—they are so eager to see everything and so unspoiled and enthusiastic. They seemed to find the bridge-builders' work—where the bridge of the "Carousel" is being widened between the Louvre and the Quai Voltaire—thrillingly interesting, and there were groups of them hanging about the Pont Royale, where one gets a good view of the proceedings, all day on Easter Monday. Such nice, fresh-faced lads, with coloured school-cap and camera all complete. Those cameras certainly worked overtime and probably did very good work, for Paris was looking her loveliest.—PRISCILLA.



Star Presse

GLORIA

This very charming young person is by common consent one of the loveliest of the Earl Carroll girls whom Paris is raving about. Earl Carroll, like his compatriot, the late Flo Ziegfeld, makes the glorifying of American youth and beauty his business, and does it extremely well



AS QUEEN MARY STUART IN "LES PERLES DE LA COURONNE": JACQUELINE DELUBAC

Jacqueline Delubac is Madame Sacha Guitry, and she is acting with her famous husband in "Les Perles de la Couronne," which is being filmed in a Paris studio. There is no more attractive figure in history than that of the tragic Queen whose charm and fascination drove men to murder and rebellion; no one will deny that in loveliness this modern counterpart is well qualified to represent her. The film will be seen over here at the time of the Coronation, and a wide distribution is evidently expected for it, as it is being made in English, French and Italian versions.

ON THE OTHER SIDE

OF THE NARROW SEAS



POLO AT CANNES: CAPTAIN G. L. CRAIG
AND MR. RILEY-SMITH



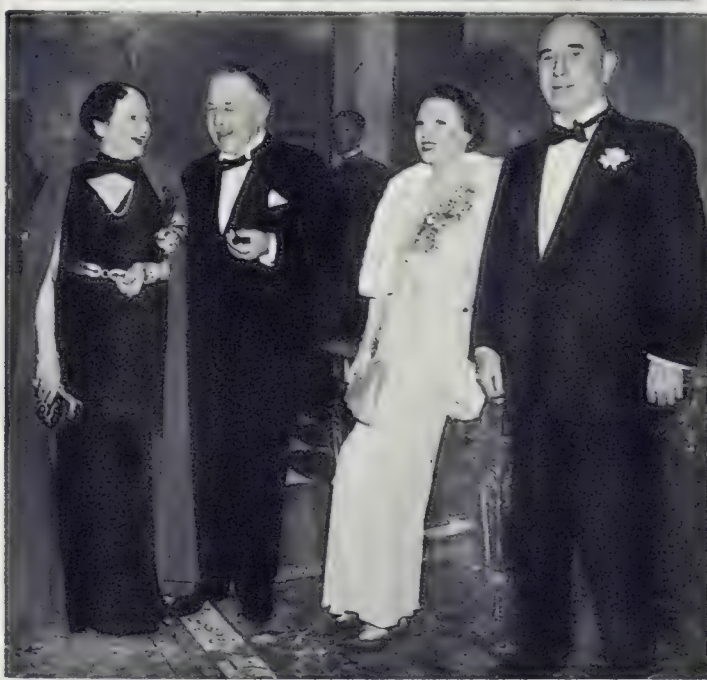
Mlle. LEJEUNE AND THE MARQUIS
MEYRONNET DE ST. MARC



MR. W. BALDING AND MR. T. G. G.
COOPER



LORD AND LADY FURNESS
AT CANNES



AT LE TOUQUET: MRS. PARKINSON, MAJ.-GEN. LORD HUTCHISON
OF MONTROSE, MISS GLADYS MARSHALL AND SIR ROBERT HORNE



AT CANNES: MISS INGRID RICHARD
AND MAJOR SIDNEY MASON

Polo sounds like something from another world in this country, with the going only just beginning to dry out of its pea-soup state, but the game is in full swing at Cannes. Captain Craig, of the 4/7th D.G.s, had risen from a bed of sickness to play in this match against Mr. Riley-Smith's Yorkshire team. Mr. Cooper is in the same regiment, and Mr. Balding, father of the polo-playing sons, was one of the "Yorkshiremen." Mlle. Lejeune is the donor of the cup which was played for on Easter Monday; her companion in the picture is President of the Cannes Polo Club. Lord and Lady Furness were on their way home from Africa in their plane, but adverse weather forced them to a (possibly quite welcome!) "stop-over" at Cannes. Sir Robert Horne was President of the Board of Trade, 1920-21, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1921-22. Lord Hutchison of Montrose began his service as a Dragoon in the South African War. He was Director of Organisation at the War Office, 1917-19, and D.A. and Q.M.G., 1919-20. He has represented both Kirkcaldy and Montrose in the Commons. His peerage was created in 1932

GILDING THE LILY!



MARLENE DIETRICH

By

TONY WYSARD

The above is what Marlene Dietrich looks like to Tony Wysard, as she was seen in her dressing-room at Denham. As may be gathered by the script on the table, it was during the shooting of *Knight Without Armour*, the film of adventure and thrill in Soviet Russia in which the glamorous Marlene co-stars with Robert Donat. The process of lily-gilding, it may be noticed, is interspersed with solace for the inner man (or woman), and stars get strawberry-and-apple while lesser folk, no doubt, must content themselves with the humble combination of the plum, as in other days and other walks of life



THE TALE

By W. RUSSELL

(Exhibited in the Boy)



E-BEARER

L. FLINT, R.A.

Royal Academy, 1936)

A vintage advertisement for Dunlop tires. The main image shows a woman with blonde hair, wearing a dark dress, sitting in the driver's seat of a yellow car. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The car is parked on a dirt road. In the foreground, a large Dunlop tire is prominently displayed, with the text "DUNLOP" and "FORT 90" visible on the sidewall. The tire is mounted on a silver hubcap. To the right of the tire, a license plate reads "DRC 90". In the background, two children are sitting on the grass, looking towards the car. The word "CONFIDENCE" is written in large, stylized letters across the middle of the image, following the curve of the car's body. At the bottom of the image, the text "PUT YOUR TRUST IN DUNLOP" is written in a simple, sans-serif font.

CONFIDENCE

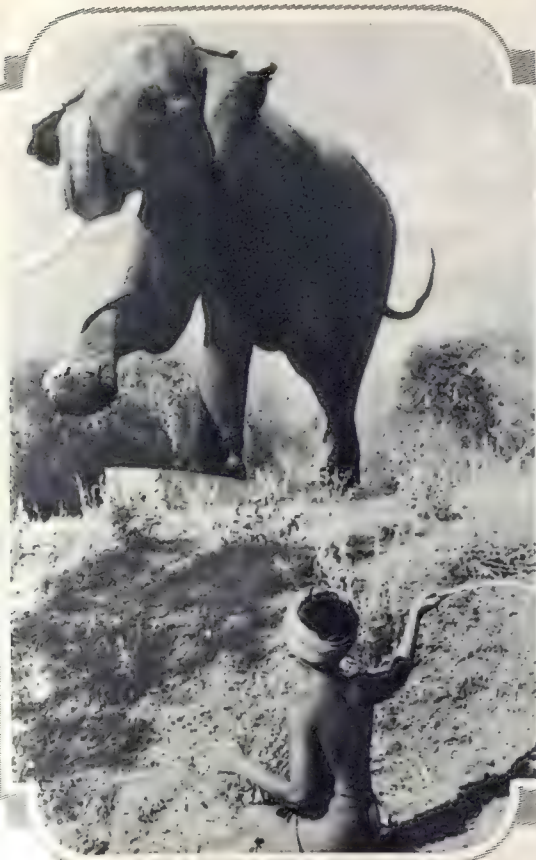
DUNLOP FORT 90

DRC 90

PUT YOUR TRUST IN DUNLOP

KIPLING'S "TOOMAI"

"ELEPHANT BOY"



KALA NAG RUNS AMOK—TOOMAI
(BY SABU, THE MAHOUT'S SON)



SABU
AS
TOOMAI



TOOMAI AND KALA NAG
THE GIANT TUSKER



(INSET)
WALTER HUDD
(PETERSEN)



PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE! A CLOSE-UP IN MYSORE



TOOMAI (SABU) AND MACHUA APPA (ALAN JEAYES)

The big attraction about this great picture for "them as knows" is that it is real. Little Sabu who plays Kipling's Toomai, is a real elephant boy who was born in the Karapur jungles in Mysore, son of a mahout, who had been in the Maharajah's service for years. Kala Nag, the big tusker of Kipling's "Toomai of the Elephants," is played by Iravatha, who is the biggest tusker in captivity in all India, and has been sold incidentally to the London Zoo. Anyone who knows anything about what mahouts can do with their elephants and what a strong affection exists between them, will not be surprised at Iravatha's astounding acting, but what is not so understandable is how they managed to make this wonderful *hathi* pretend that he was *must*—which means mad. The Kheddah operation scenes are marvellous. A Kheddah is a system of stockades into which the wild herds are shepherded by tame elephants. The operation is not unfraught by a spot of danger. Walter Hudd plays Petersen and Alan Jeayes Machua Appa. Zoltan Korda and Robert Flaherty, who directed this picture for London Films, have produced a scenic masterpiece, and it starts its career at the Leicester Square Theatre on April 7th

Pictures in the Fire



LORD POWERSCOURT'S PARTY AT WICKLOW CASTLE

Carthew

The host and hostess and their guests at Powerscourt, Enniskerry. Lord Powerscourt is a member of the Senate of Southern Ireland; Lady Powerscourt was formerly Miss Sybil Pleydell-Bouverie

The names in the group are: Lord and Lady Powerscourt, Sir Clive Morrison-Bell, Miss S. Morrison-Bell, Lady Morrison-Bell, Miss P. Malcolmson, and Miss P. Morrison-Bell

CONCERNING some notes on the centenary of the Grand National, and principally anent a mention of the famous Black Tom Olliver and his exploits, I have received the following interesting letter from Brigadier-General T. Rose Price—

Your entertaining account of that great cross-country jockey "Black Tom Olliver" recalls the stirring hunting poem by Adam Lindsay Gordon entitled "By Flood and Field" (A Legend of the Cotswold), of which the opening lines run—

"I remember the lowering wintry morn
And the mist on the Cotswold Hills,
Where I once heard the blast of the huntsman's horn
Not far from the Seven Rills."

Further

lines then

mention

some of the

field present

on that day,

and these conclude

with "Black Tom Oliver" (spelt with

one "l").

Gordon sailed for

Australia, under a

cloud, in August

1853, the year

Olliver won the

Grand National

on Peter Simple.

Gordon was a

young man then,

destined for an

Army career; he

had, however, a

truculent spirit,

and was constantly

in trouble, so

much so that his

parents finally

decided to send

him out of the

country. One

heard, many

years ago, that

the worst scrape

he got into was

connected with a

peculiar transac-

tion with a race-

horse, in which

"Black Tom Olliver"

was also

implicated.

At any rate,

out to Australia

poor Gordon

went, and while

there, to the end

of his short and

self-terminated

life, he was a

successful jockey

and produced

sporting and

other poems

which have long

graced the

bookshelves of

all lovers of the

horse. Many

of his verses,

too, express the

bitterness of his

exile. Amongst

his better-known

pieces are "The

Roll of the

Kettledrum,"

"The Romance

of Britomarte,"

"From the

Wreck,"

"How We Beat

the Favourite,"

and "The Sick

Stock-rider."

The concluding

lines of "By

Flood and

Field" run—

"I remember the

short and the

stag-like bound

Of the steed six

lengths to the

fore, And the

laugh of the

rider while,

landing sound,

He turned in

his saddle and

glanced around;

I remember —

but little more,

Save a bird's-eye

gleam of the

dashing stream,

A jarring thud

on the wall,

A shock and

the blank of a

nightmare's

dream— I

was down with

a stunning

fall."

The poem refers

to the Berkeley

with whom

Gordon hunted

as a young

man.

I hate making

people blush,

but as the

incident is

quite



A LUNCH PARTY AT THE CHÂTEAU DE LA GAROUBE

Mr. Reginald Purbrick, who is the member for the Walton Division of Liverpool, has rented the Château de la Garoupe from Lady Norman. In this picture of a recent lunch-party are included: Prince and Princess Michel Chavcadvadze, the Hon. Michael and Lady Pamela Berry, Miss Mona Simpson, Sir Hugo de Bathe, Mr. Vladimir Landau (seated) and Mr. Peter Purbrick, the host's younger son



Truman Howell

AT THE LEDBURY POINT-TO-POINT

The Ledbury Point-to-Point was at Tewkesbury, and above are some of the onlookers. They are the Hon. Mrs. Robert Devereux and Lady Cook and her husband, Sir Thomas Cook, M.P. for North Norfolk, who are the Joint-Masters of the North Norfolk Harriers



Poo'le, Dublin

SALMON-FISHING ON THE BOYNE: MISS JOY O'RORKE

Miss Joy O'Rorke is the only daughter of Major Johnnie O'Rorke, and a niece of Lt.-Col. G. Hudson-Kinahan, Master of the Island Hounds. Her father is renting the Slane Castle beat of the Boyne this season

By "SABRETACHE"



WINNERS OF THE INDIAN INTER-REGIMENTAL

The 15th Lancers, I.A., won this year's Indian Inter-Regimental Polo Cup which, as usual, was played at Meerut. They beat the 17/21st Lancers 8-7 after playing extra time. The winners' regimental mascot is on the left of the picture—but on the right of the line! Major C. E. Pert is the pivot of the 15th Lancers team. The 15th Lancers team was Capt. C. W. Ridley (1), Mr. A. H. McConnel (2), Major C. E. Pert (3), and Capt. W. W. A. Loring (back)

unique I cannot resist mentioning the fact that when Brigadier-General Rose Price was in the 11th K.E.O. Lancers, Probyn's Horse, and led his squadron past the saluting base at Rawalpindi at the big review of the garrison for Lord Kitchener, the "grim War Lord" (who was not really grim at all) picked him out as the smartest-looking officer in the whole parade and asked the G.O.C. who he was.



Poole, Dublin

ANOTHER PICTURE FROM THE BOYNE

Just before going into action, left to right: Mr. Alan McMullen, Major "Johnnie" O'Rorke, famous in the Irish polo world, whose daughter is in the picture on the left, and Brig. W. T. Hodgson, formerly Royals, and O.C. 1st Cavalry Brigade



WINNER (AND FRIENDS) OF THE M.F.H.'S CUP AT THE EAST ESSEX POINT-TO-POINT Corn Bin, owned by Mr. A. Byford, is on the left of the picture and next in order are Mrs. Byford, Capt. C. J. Round, Colonel Eustace Hill, a former Master of the East Essex; and on the extreme right Captain A. K. Motion, the present M.F.H.

As to Lindsay Gordon's military career, I always believed that he did actually get a commission. He certainly was at "The Shop," and any bother he got into must have been a good deal after he had passed through. I once came across a veteran who said he had known Tom Olliver. He was an old thug from Wales, where Tom Olliver was foaled, and was full of lore about him, and it was from him I got that yarn. Like Tom Olliver, he was up to all the tricks of the trade, and in one contest, when I rode one just for a bump round, the old Welsh thief told me before the race that I was on the winner! It was fantastic; but actually he and other scoundrels had "fixed" all the other runners, and they certainly did their best. But unluckily for their plot, mine fell at the first obstacle, and must have hurt herself as much as she hurt me, for she fell again two fences further on and got up on three legs—so that was that!

Concerning "Mr. Rolly" (the late Lord Minto), whose amazing Grand National record was also mentioned, his widow, the gracious lady who was by his side both during his Governor-Generalship of Canada and Viceroyalty of India, has told me that when he won the French Grand National in 1874, on Miss Hungerford, he caused a great sensation, as he was the only gentleman rider in the field of seventeen, all the rest being ridden by the crack professors of the period. Lord Minto, so I will remind the reader, was the only man who rode in the Grand National the year after he had broken his neck. As surgeons were not as clever with cases like that as they are to-day, Lord Minto ought to have died. Lady Minto and all her daughters rode, and ride, well, especially Lady Violet Astor, who hunts regularly when in England. She is the only daughter of a Viceroy of India who has ever won a thing called the Ladies' Paper-chase Cup in Calcutta. It is really a steeplechase over a stiff built-up course, and is run over the most appallingly hard going. Anyone who gets a fall feels as if someone had hit him with a sledge-hammer, and something often cracks—and it isn't Mother India. This Cup was originated by the late Lord William Beresford, who was Military Secretary to a long succession of Viceroys of India.

(Continued on page xxii)



Truman Howell

ANOTHER LEDBURY POINT-TO-POINT GROUP

Major H. C. Meredith, who is a former Master of both the Ludlow and the South Shropshire Hounds, talking to Mrs. Eric Bailey, whose husband had very bad luck when riding his Pucka Belle in the National—loose horses, as is now history, were a perfect pest

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

"Never again," said the pickpocket, "will I work in a fog."

"But I should have thought a fog would help your line of work?"

"So did I. But this time I started on what I thought was a theatre queue and finished at the door of the Labour Exchange."

* * *

The minister was visiting one of his parishioners, and was talking to her small son.

"And do you say your prayers every night, Jimmy?" asked the cleric.

"Not every night," blithely replied the lad. "Some nights I don't want anything."

* * *

They had had a grand evening together, and had arrived at their homes in the small hours of the morning, slightly the worse for wear.

Later in the morning they met again. The first said: "My wife carried on terribly when I got home last night."

"Oh, mine never spoke to me," replied the other, "but I found a note to say that my slippers were in the refrigerator!"

* * *

An income tax repayment claim had been made for £20, but the taxpayer had miscalculated the amount, for actually £30 was due to him. A cheque for this amount was sent, and this is how he acknowledged it:

"Dear Sir,—I am now seventy years of age. At last I believe in Santa Claus."



WITH SNOW FOR A MEDIUM, ROUGH TOOLS AND NATURAL ABILITY: MRS. PARGITER'S SNOW-SCULPTURE

The lovely modelling shown in these pictures is the work of Mrs. M. B. Pargiter, of Shotover, Fleet, Hants. Mrs. Pargiter has never before done any work of this kind nor has she been trained in any way. She worked in the snow of the March fall using for tools a paper-knife, nail-file, kitchen-spoon and trowels: the final polish was given by the hands dipped in water. This achievement of natural talent puts to shame the distorted horrors which our self-declared pundits of "modernism" miscall by the name of statuary



IN a wild and woolly West town some years ago, a boy reached the age of fourteen without ever having spoken one word. One day he was loafing around the corral where they were branding the calves and somehow managing to get in the way of the man who was handling the branding irons he got burned pretty badly on the seat of his pants.

As he felt the red-hot iron, the dumb lad shouted "Ouch!" Naturally, there was terrific excitement, and the man who had burned him cried:

"A miracle! Dummy talked! He's found his voice!"

But the lad spoke up again. "Miracle nothin'", he said. "I just never had nothin' to say before."

* * *

Here is a story of the film world. A well-known film company was engaged on shooting one of those epics which contain so much love-interest. The principal love scene was being shot at the time, and the leading man was showing a great deal of ardour—carrying realism a little too far, the director thought.

"Hey!" shouted the director. "Steady on! You can't do that! The Censor won't pass that stuff!"

"O.K.!" said the leading man, still clutching the beautiful star in his arms. "Save the film and switch off the lights."

* * *

The landlord was taking his morning walk, when he saw one of his tenants eating his lunch by the road outside his cottage.

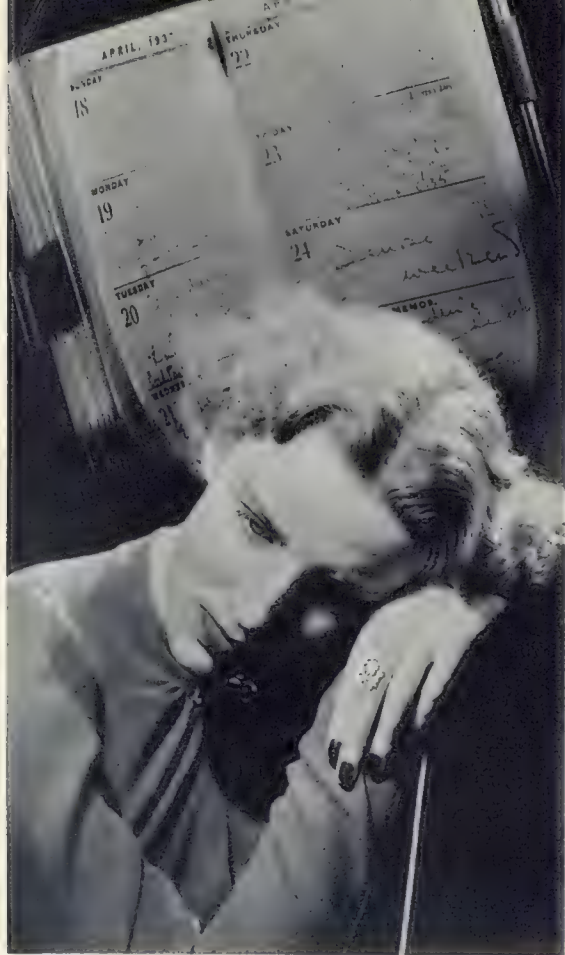
"What's wrong, John?" he asked. "Why are you eating outside on such a cold morning?"

"The chimney smokes, sir," was the reply.

The landlord thought he had better find out the cause of the smoke, and went over to the cottage, but as he opened the door he received a whack on the head with a broom, followed by the words: "Are you back again, you old rascal?"

Closing the door, he went over to John, patted him on the back, and said, with sympathy: "My chimney smokes, too, sometimes."





NOBLESSE OBLIGE
Another late night! She did hope that to-night she'd be able to get to bed at half-past ten at the very latest. She simply can't drag her weary little self out and about. The telephone bell rings. She knows what that means, only too well. Reluctantly she lifts the receiver. "Darling, you *must* come . . . Promise that you won't let me down . . . " And wearily, she accepts the summons.



BEAUTY BECOMES PRACTICAL
Only one thing to do. Get to Elizabeth Arden with all possible speed and into her exercise suit. Bend, sway and stretch to a calm, peace-giving rhythm. Then on to an Ardena Bath and body massage, to banish the last bit of ache and "nerves." With, finally, a Velva Cream Masque Treatment to soothe her tired face before completing the miraculous transformation with a Special Party Make-up.



"VERY MANY THANKS".
Is it the same face? Does it belong to the same woman? Yes, is the answer to both. Every muscle has regained its suppleness. Her eyes have a sparkle she thought lost for ever. Her face, the soft finish, the firm texture that only a Velva Cream Masque can give. She can watch innumerable dawns break above innumerable house-tops and say "Thank you, Elizabeth Arden."

ELIZABETH ARDEN, 25 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W. 1.
Paris - Elizabeth Arden, S.A.

HOW THEY SPENT EASTER IN BRECONSHIRE



THE WYE AND THE WHEREFORE: LADY BRIDPORT, MRS. GUY FARQUHAR, LORD BRIDPORT AND MRS. KNOWLES IN BRECONSHIRE



LADY SUSAN ASKEW FISHING THE RIVER WYE AT THREE COCKS



FISHING THE USK: MR. DUDLEY WARD AND HOST, THE HON. IVOR GUEST, M.P.

Lord Wimborne's only son, who has been Member for Breconshire and Radnorshire since 1935, was also entertaining guests at Easter for salmon-fishing purposes, his house at Brecon being very handy for the Usk. Turn right for the Squire of Brynderwen, Lt.-Col. Guy Reynolds, who, with his brother, Captain G. N. Reynolds, was fishing the Usk near Abergavenny on Easter Sunday. Colonel Reynolds used to be in the 9th Lancers and commanded them

In last week's issue of this paper it was suggested that salmon-fishing provides the perfect Easter holiday entertainment. Mr. and Mrs. Guy Farquhar evidently hold the same opinion, for they invited a large house-party to spend Easter at Gwernyfed Park, and fish their stretch of the famous River Wye at Three Cocks. Whether guests were in luck is not recorded, but Lady Susan Askew, for one, found it enormous fun. She is Lord Ellesmere's fourth daughter and married Mr. J. M. Askew in 1933. Lady Bridport was formerly Miss Pamela Baker



JOHN MILLAIS, LT.-COL. GUY REYNOLDS AND CAPT. REYNOLDS

Photographs: Truman Howell



SIR PETER FARQUHAR

Mr. Guy Farquhar's kinsman, Sir Peter Farquhar, also spent Easter at Gwernyfed Park, and is seen here in action on the Wye, where big fish are the rule rather than the exception. Sir Peter Farquhar, who joined Lord Rosebery in the Master-ship of the Whaddon Chase in 1934, hunting hounds himself, had a very bad fall before Christmas which kept him out of the saddle most of the season



Softness of colour, line and fabric for this fur-trimmed Angora suit. The three-quarter length coat has raglan shoulders, cross-over front and a sweep of fox at the hem. From the Two-Piece Salon, in violet blue, tabac, natural, black or navy for 16½ Gns.

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THREE SMART GIRLS

Miss Kay Stammers, Miss Mary Heeley and Miss Dorothy Round at the Herga open tournament at Harrow. Miss Heeley had found shorts cold comfort on the previous day so appeared in tropical suiting trousers with shirt to match; very nice, too, was the general opinion, but not "Rabbit's"

I AM writing this after a visit to an artificial sun clinic, where the lady in the next cubicle to myself was telling the sister in charge of the wonderful flowers—"You should just see my *lilium auratum*!"—which fill her home and make her feel—with the assistance of arc-lamps twice a week—like a bride. I listened happily and was glad that the owner of the unknown voice had the honesty to confess, unlike a certain character in one of Mr. Beverley Nichols' books, that all this scented show was the product not of her garden, but of her hothouses. For even now, my teeth are chattering after an afternoon spent in watching some of the matches in the Paddington tournament. The chief reason of my visit was to see Miss Betty Nuthall make her debut out of doors. But my attention was frequently distracted from her match by the strange sight that meets the spectator's gaze at this meeting. Close to one side of the ground there are rows of houses whose inhabitants seem to take such a pride in taking in each other's washing that the most peculiar garments flutter surprisingly in the icy breeze.

So far the season has been more productive of new styles in tennis clothes than in good style where actual play is concerned. For instance, Miss Mary Heeley appeared at Herga wearing the most peculiar pair of men's Oxford bags. Still, she succeeded in defeating Kay Stammers in them. So perhaps it was a modern version of

LAWN TENNIS :: "RABBIT" By

the mantle of Elijah story. Incidentally, it was so cold at Herga during the week that Miss Dorothy Round had ample opportunity for showing that she had not wasted her winter by flaunting a home-knitted, peacock-blue woollen cloak that enveloped her well below the knees.

However, alas! this protection did not prevent her from having trouble with her arches, and she lost a set in an early round to an almost unknown player, Miss J. Goss, who will now be able to rest on her reduced handicap for the remainder of the season. Miss Round's arches were soon put right by osteopathic treatment—which is more than can be done for the aitches of many of the gentlemen competitors in our tournaments. But there will be lots of time for me to write a treatise on court behaviour in the weeks to come, so let me add instead that Miss Round played beautifully in her final against Miss Heeley, and I have a feeling that now she has settled about her future career—belated congratulations on her engagement—she will have a very good final season. That often happens when somebody reaches the last lap. There are far fewer lapses from form than in previous seasons. They no longer suffer from nerves. What matter if they do lose their crown? Doesn't a wedding ring await them to take its place? Which reminds me that Miss Freda James, who is the neatest volleyer among the ladies in England, has been spending her winter taking a course in domestic science. I mention that fact because I think it is a pity that more members of the so-called weaker sex do not realise that when men marry, the majority of them marry for a home, and it was Mr. Robert Boothby, the M.P. for Aberdeen, who said on one occasion in a speech that a wife who could not cook was not worth the cost of her salt. If more of our tennis girls appreciated the implications of that statement, there would be fewer entries in the handicap events of our tennis tournaments. Middle-aged women players who look like battered war-horses, are not a very pleasant sight.

But we can take comfort from the fact that there has never been a moment when juniors show more signs of pressing on their seniors' heels. Take, for instance, the success of Mr. Robert Nicholl, a sixteen-year-old schoolboy from Harrow, who caused something of a sensation at the Herga Tournament by running "Bunny" Austin all over the court. And so impressed was his famous opponent with this boy's promise that there and then he invited him to be his partner in the Hard Court Championships at Bournemouth. That was a tremendous gesture on the part of the Davis Cup player:

a gesture, incidentally, which is worthy of the serious consideration of all those other players who, during the next six months, will play in a tournament every week and never once during that time make the least effort to give a helping hand to anyone excepting themselves. Challenge cups and prize vouchers—those are the twin thoughts which govern the partnership arrangement of the majority of players at the top of the tennis tree. Surely, just occasionally they could sacrifice their chances of a visit to some silversmith's shop in order to stimulate the enthusiasm and mould the style and tactics of some eager youngster who, as in the case of Austin's protégé, may one day help to bring back the Davis Cup to these shores.

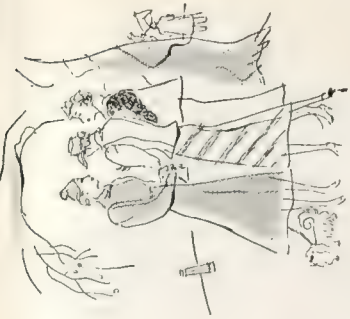
Oh, yes, I am fully conscious of the fact that we have not lost the challenge round yet this year, but with Perry turned professional, that means two

(Continued on page xxvi)



A COUNTRY CLUB IN MINIATURE

The model village of Bekonscot, at Beaconsfield, is once again open to visitors, and has two new features to show. One is a Country Club, complete with hard tennis court and beautifully modelled figures of tennis tigers in action; the other is an exact replica on a tiny scale of the memorial church to the late G. K. Chesterton. The Royal Princesses have often been to Bekonscot, a Lilliputian masterpiece of which Beaconsfield has reason to be proud



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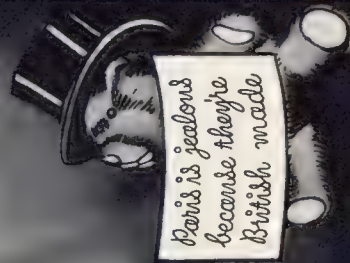
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THE MAROON

By JOHN GLOAG

THE restaurant-car attendant roused me from a gentle doze by opening the door of the compartment violently and demanding orders for luncheon. "No!" I snapped abruptly as he looked at me. I always avoid train meals if possible: the inevitable tomato soup, the weary fish, and the tasteless, warmed-up meat are endurance tests, especially on a warm day. The man in the corner seat opposite me was more imposing in his refusal.

"I never lunch," he said to the attendant in a mellow and resonant voice; and he waved him away with one of those grand, expansive gestures that can only be made with dignity by a man of majestically ample proportions.

This man really seemed enormous. He had huge shoulders; a massive head with a thick thatch of snow-white hair; bushy black eyebrows, and a white beard. His vast body was loosely clad in thick, very woolly brown tweeds. The man who had entered the train with him, and was obviously his companion, although they had exchanged no words, just shook his head at the attendant, who thereupon slammed the sliding doors and went along the corridor to wake other drowsing travellers.

The large man turned to me and said: "I never eat in public. There is a reason."

I nodded. There didn't seem to be any answer to that remark, and I found the acute gaze of his pale grey eyes uncomfortable. I wondered whether the Ancient Mariner possessed such eyes. His next remark also reminded me of the Ancient Mariner.

"Have you ever been in an open boat for several days without food or water?" he asked.

"No," I replied, "I can't say that I have."

"Neither have I," said the stranger; "but I know just what it's like."

I said "Indeed," and fiddled with the newspaper on my knee, trying to screw up sufficient rudeness to erect it as a barrier between those unblinking eyes and my right to drowse.

"I don't wish to intrude upon you," observed the stranger, who had seen my gesture; "but I thought that the statement that escaped from me just now demands some explanation."

"Not at all," I said hurriedly.

"You must permit me," he continued. "It is most discourteous to rouse curiosity and then to leave it unsatisfied. All this happened some years before the war, when I was a young architectural student."

I made one more effort and said: "I'm getting out at Tallhampton."

But there was no escape. He immediately countered by saying: "So am I."

Really there was something hypnotic about his eyes. He talked on without mercy, and with an air of authority in his rich, pleasant voice. It was difficult not to listen.

"I had done three years' architectural training," he said. "I was drifting about England sketching and measuring old buildings, and I was particularly interested in church towers.

The middle section of the ladder suddenly swayed under me. I grasped the rung of the section above and felt the ladder on which I stood collapse, and slide down the pinnacle.

I had an idea of producing measured drawings of all the central cathedral towers in the country. After all, the main tower of a great church is like a great holy beacon in the landscape; a hand of stone held up imploringly to Heaven. I don't know whether you are familiar with the cathedral church of St. Peter at Brell?"

I nodded, and he proceeded.

"I was there in 1911. It was a terribly hot summer. There was a drought and a milk shortage, streams dried up everywhere, and in that corner of Wiltshire where Brell lies on the downs, the country by August was burnt brown and the turf of the downs was tawny yellow instead of green. I'd been on a walking tour, and I reached Brell and fell in love with the cathedral. That great central tower fascinated

(Continued on page 40)





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Dorland

THE MAROON—(Continued from page 38)

me, and I settled down at Brell to sketch. The tower was being repaired, and one of the pinnacles had almost disappeared in scaffolding. I made friends with the head verger, a queer old man, and it seemed a heaven-sent chance of getting all the details I wanted of the stonework of the pinnacles, if I could only get permission to mount the scaffolding and make all my notes and take the sizes for producing a detailed measured drawing.

"Well, after a little trouble, such as getting written permission from the Dean and Chapter, by interviewing the Treasurer of the Cathedral, and the resident canons, and exalted people like that, I got leave to visit the scaffold when the workmen had knocked off in the evening, so that my measuring and drawing wouldn't interfere with the work of restoration that was in progress. You got a wonderful view of the country from that central tower. Southwards you looked right over the downs, and to the north there is the whole of the wooded vale that lies between the Wiltshire downs and the Cotswolds. East and west the downs stretched as far as you could see.

"I worked for three days, and on the third evening when I started to climb down the ladder leading from the topmost platform of the scaffold, the middle section of the ladder suddenly swayed under me. I grasped the rung of the section above me, and felt the ladder on which I stood collapse, scrape past my legs, and slide down the pinnacle. It hit the stone tracery of the balustrade, and I thought for a moment it was going to crash over the side and strike the ground three hundred feet below. But the ladder fell inwards on to the top of the tower. You must know that the pinnacle was scaled by a series of ladders in ten-foot lengths, fixed to its tapering side, not in an unbroken straight line, but zigzagging up the pinnacle to avoid the crockets. It was impossible for me to reach a crocket with my feet and to climb down to reach the next section of the ladder, and I had to make a quick choice as I hung there with all my weight on one rung, dangling with a terrific strain on my arms from the topmost section of the ladder. The slope of the pinnacle was very gradual, but at its upper end it was almost vertical. My toes touched the worn stonework, and

I drew up my legs and braced myself back and outwards, trying to get a purchase with my toes to rise high and grasp the rung above the lowest one. I had to act quickly, as my arms would soon get tired, and although I had a good head for heights in those days, I was beginning to feel a little sick at the thought of that drop, all of thirty-five feet to the stone balustrade, and then perhaps with a broken back and almost certainly broken legs, lying on the lead roof of the bell-chamber. There was an even chance of going over the side to the ground below, and finishing up as a crumpled, blood-stained, shattered mess on the grass.

"I braced myself and pulled and jumped upwards and just got my left hand on the next rung. That eased the strain on the rung below, and I repeated that agonising jerky climb until I was high enough up the top section of the ladder to get my feet on the bottom rung. Then I climbed up to the platform of plank that surrounded the floreated top of the pinnacle where I lay and felt violently sick.

"Presently I felt better. My drawing materials I carried in a case strapped round me, and I lost nothing when the ladder gave way. I was fairly comfortable up there, but I

didn't intend to remain. It wouldn't be difficult to attract attention. I wrote a note stating my predicament on a sheet of my sketch-book, weighted it with my two-foot rule, and flung it over the platform. I watched that white speck of paper shoot down, in, as I hoped, a line to the ground; but it seemed to fall in a sweeping curve, and lodged in the gutter of the north transept roof. I tried again, this time weighting the note with my penknife. I flung it far out to avoid the transept roof. I nearly lost sight of it before it had reached the ground, and then I saw that the knife had parted from the paper, which was floating far over the roof of the tower, sailing about in an irregular way in the air to alight heaven knew where.

"Very well, I thought, I must use the whole sketch-book. So I wrote a note in the front, tore out the pages which contained my notes in case the sketch-book got lost, and threw the whole thing to the ground. I don't know whether I was getting giddy, but as I threw that sketch-book I must have lost my sense of direction, for I found, instead of facing outwards from the tower, that I was facing inwards, and had flung the sketch-book on to the roof of the bell-chamber, where it lay on the dark silver leadwork like a square green leaf.

(Continued on page xiv)



PRINCE AND
PRINCESS
GUSTAV ADOLF
OF SWEDEN
AND THEIR

DAUGHTERS,
PRINCESSES
MARGARETHE
AND
BIRGITTA



THE BABY PRINCESSES

Prince Gustav Adolf is grandson of H.M. the King of Sweden and also a grandson of the Duke of Connaught—his mother was our Princess Margaret. He stands second in the Swedish succession. He married, in 1932, Princess Sibylle of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The younger daughter, Princess Birgitta, was born on January 19 of this year and was christened in Stockholm on March 16. It will be noticed that this Royal Family is very nearly related to our own, just as the British race is more nearly related to the folk of north-west Europe than to any other stock

Photos: Jaeger

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"holding on."
for
a
vitaly
important
call . . .



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what
a
comfort
a cigarette
can
be . . .



and
how
it helps you
tremendously
to keep
that
essential
grip on yourself?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.



AT THE CRICKLADE POINT-TO-POINT AT HICKWORTH

All eyes on the people doing the dangerous! Left to right: Sir Allan Merry, Miss Kathleen Meyrick, and Mr. Robert Heber-Percy, who is a kinsman of Mr. Cyril Heber-Percy, Joint-Master of the Cotswold

Noise.

CAN the Minister of Transport resist the invitation held out by the Departmental Committee on Noise in the Operation of Mechanically Propelled Vehicles in its third interim report? At the first two interim reports the Minister "invited the voluntary co-operation of motor manufacturers" in the reduction of noise, but the recommendation of this third report is that bludgeons should be substituted for blandishments, and that a noise limit of 95 phons should be established by law. It would apply to all "mechanically propelled vehicles," and presumably, if a bath-chair worked by a system of gears were to emit squeaks of more than 95 phons, the occupant would be liable to be haled before the courts. It so happened that at about the time this interim report came out I was putting in a few days of intensive motoring with a 4½-litre Bentley, and it was borne in upon me, first, how rigidly the official mind confines itself to thinking in negative and prohibitive measures, and, second, how many loopholes there are in the statistics which these committees set forth so elaborately and so expensively for our edification.

For, note this: the Committee's interim report indicates that the noisiest vehicles on the roads to-day are "sports cars." Note also that the 4½-litre Bentley is a sports car. Note, in the third place, that the 4½-litre Bentley is one of the quietest mechanically propelled vehicles in existence. How is it, then, that the quietest "sports car" figures registered by the Committee under its road and racing-engine tests are much above the quietest figures for motor-cycles, ordinary cars and commercial vehicles, and that the noisiest sports-car figures are above the noisiest figures for these other vehicles? Did the Committee exclude the Bentley

PETROL VAPOUR By JOHN OLIVER

from its "sports-car" classification; or was it just luck that none of them happened to pass?

Silence.

Now I am going to say, and I think all who follow motoring with any attention will agree with me, that the 3½-litre and the 4½-litre Bentley motor-cars have done more to reduce the noise made by "mechanically propelled vehicles" than all the Ministers of Transport and Departmental Committees and National Physical Laboratories put together. The reason is that officialdom attacks the problem of noise reduction negatively, by prohibitions and the threat of prohibitions; by policemen and prison cells; while the Bentley attacked the problem positively and constructively by producing a motor-car which, by superb speed and road-holding qualities, by being a sports car in the fullest sense of the term, set a fashion in silence.

I said when I first tried the 3½-litre Bentley that it sealed the doom of bonnet-strap and bellowing exhaust, and my words have proved correct. Drivers found that the Bentley had the speed with the silence, and they found that the speed was the more delightful on account of the silence. The Bentley, by being able to pass the roaring and ranting type of vehicle in a whisper, cast doubt upon the value of noise. It showed that noise was not necessarily synonymous with power; that there was such a thing as the strong, silent motor-car. After that, everybody sought silence, and I think they still

seek it as earnestly to-day. With the small, less expensive vehicles it is not so easy; with motor-bicycles it is difficult. But what progress has been made and what progress will be made in the future has been, and will be, chiefly attributable to the example of one of the finest British motor-cars.

Doors and Roads.

There are two other points about noise which deserve mention. One often hears people complaining about the slamming of the doors of motor-cars. Now I am sure that nobody would be better pleased than the motor-car owner if the doors of his "mechanically propelled vehicle" would shut silently. But the fact is that the production of a door which

(Continued on page 46)



ALSO AT THE CRICKLADE POINT-TO-POINT

Captain C. H. Grosvenor, who rode the winner of the Light-Weight race; Lord and Lady Knutsford, he being a Joint-Master of the V.W.H. (Lord Bathurst's); and Mr. Herbert Nell, Joint-Master of the V.W.H. (Cricklade), who is also a celebrity in the Badminton country



Photos.: W. Dennis Moss

ANOTHER CRICKLADE GROUP

Left to right, Miss Otter, Mr. Gore Langton, and Lord Cadogan. Lord Cadogan has been in office as Joint-Master of the V.W.H. (Cricklade) with Mr. Herbert Nell since 1936

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AIR EDDIES By OLIVER STEWART

AT AN AEROPLANE MEET AT HESTON

Almost as exciting as a meet of a crack pack of hounds in one of the more dangerous fox-hunting regions. In the picture are Mr. Nigel Tangye and his brother, Colin, and Miss Diana Davenport and Miss Susan Bligh, who were just on the wing in their Monospar for Cologne

Portsmouth Pays.

LET me confess to feeling sympathy for the courageous citizens of Portsmouth. They have undertaken to plank down the sum of £600,000 or so to build an Empire airport at Langstone Harbour. It is extraordinarily kind of them, and I am sure that all who use that airport in the future will feel a glow of gratitude to those noblest ratepayers. But I wonder if they will see any other return for their money. The Portsmouth City Council agreed to stand not less than half the cost of the airport, which is estimated at £1,221,452. Are the people of Portsmouth so air-minded, and do they write so many letters, that they will receive half, or one-tenth, or one-thousandth, or one ten-thousandth part of the benefits which that airport should confer upon the British Empire? If not, we can only admire them as one of the great charitable institutions.

Now, I have no objection to aviation receiving gifts. It has been able to exist largely as a result of gifts. Some of the biggest advances have been made possible by gifts. Take away all air subsidies, and the only aviation that would remain in Europe to-day would be ultra-light aviation and a little taxi work. Aviation is still at school, costing money, earning none; and it is the pleasure as much as the duty of its parents to keep up the supply. But the process should be straightforward. There should be no pretence about it and no wangling. People should not be tricked or jockeyed into supporting aviation with monetary contributions under the impression that it will return them a hundredfold.

I do not feel entirely happy about the

Portsmouth agreement. I noted a good deal of ingenious propaganda going on beforehand—propaganda which was the more insidious in that it was sponsored by the aeronautical authorities. In my view, it would be far better for the City Council to rescind their decision and to have nothing more to do with financing the Empire airport, than that the transaction should go through on the basis of those transactions so popular with some employment agencies. People are persuaded by some agencies to pay larger sums of money than they can afford to secure jobs which never bring them an adequate return. The bait is always the same: that the job, although admittedly worthless in itself, will "lead to something." Let us hope, for the good name of aviation, that the citizens of Portsmouth have not been persuaded to pay half the cost of Langstone Airport on the grounds that it will "lead to something." One would like an assurance from the Air Ministry on this point.

New Air Liners.

Several interesting design features are incorporated in the new Armstrong Whitworth air liners which are being built for Imperial Airways. These machines are high-wing monoplanes, with four Armstrong-Siddeley Tiger IX. engines developing a total of 3400 h.p. They have retractable undercarriages, worked by engine power through the medium of hydraulic rams. There is also hand operation for lowering the undercarriage in an emergency. The fuselage is an oval monocoque covered with metal sheets of light alloy, and special attention has been paid to the comfort of the passengers.

The cabins are carefully sound-proofed; airscrew tip speed is kept as low as possible; there are no places where noise can enter the fuselage, and the glass windows are as thick as weight will allow. Inside the aircraft extensive use is made of bulkheads and of corrugated light alloy steel which, it is claimed, eliminates drumming. The engines are flexibly mounted and large rubber pads insulate them from the wings and absorb engine vibration. Split trailing-edge flaps are used to reduce landing speed. Fuel is carried in the wings.

Lockheeds.

Two of the new Lockheed air liners ordered by British Airways were demonstrated at Croydon Airport recently. They embody a great many modern devices, including de-icing equipment of the pneumatic sort and the latest blind-approach receiving apparatus. These machines have a top speed of

some 208 to 210 miles an hour and look attractive. Meanwhile, K.L.M. have ordered three Lockheed "14's," and these are now being built at the factory in California. They will be the fastest European airtransport machines, with a maximum speed of 265 m.p.h. and a cruising speed of 240 m.p.h.

The Lockheed "14" carries eleven passengers and a crew of three, and is powered by two Wright-Cyclone 840-h.p. engines. It will fly level at 4200 metres, according to the makers, with one engine shut off. Fuel is carried in the wings, which actually form the tanks, the walls of the wing

(Continued on page 46)



FLYING PERSONALITIES IN FAR BAGHDAD

In this group, taken more or less recently, are Hauptmann von Blomberg, son of Field-Marshal von Blomberg, Germany's great War Lord; Lieut.-Gen. J. G. Dill, who is commanding in Palestine; Air Vice-Marshal C. L. Courtney, who was the host on this occasion; Captain Robin De Winton, A.D.C. to General Dill; and Air Commodore Roderic Hill. The picture was taken at the Baghdad aerodrome

This England . . .



The Malvern Hills.

A WINDBREAK of trees, planted a couple of centuries ago to shelter some simple dwelling, is a commonplace of our ripe landscape. So, too, do our villages nestle "underwind" in the friendly bosom of the hills. Difficult building that makes, and steep streets to climb, but we like our comforts in this England and will pay the price. For we will do battle with the elements year in and year out, but at the day's close we must have our old-fashioned comforts—and not the least of these is our glass of Worthington.



Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 42

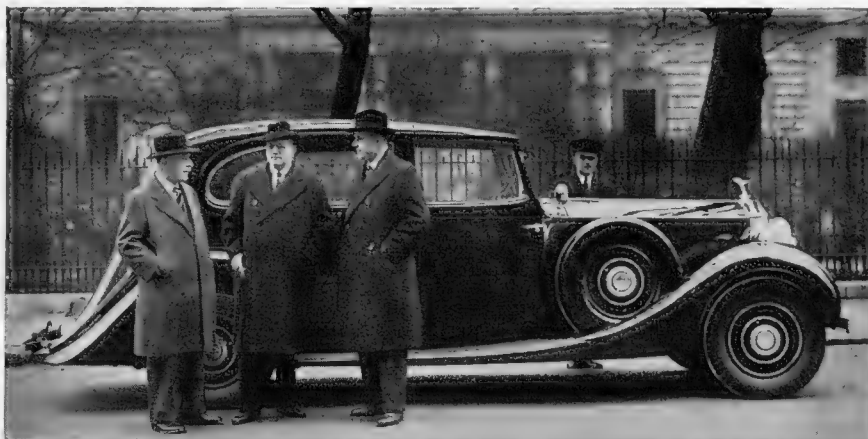
will not rattle, which will be draught-proof and yet will shut without a sound is a matter of the greatest difficulty. One or two makers have tried hard to produce such doors, and I predict that the "nuisance"—if it is a nuisance—of slamming doors will be abolished not by Ministers and committees, but by some manufacturer who finally succeeds in producing a door that will shut like velvet and yet be free from rattle.

There is one other point. The Departmental Committee mentioned and tested all sorts of mechanically propelled vehicles; but it failed to test all sorts of road surface. In my opinion, one of the chief noise-makers to-day is the bumpy road surface. Outside a little country cottage where I have been staying recently is a narrow road along which a great deal of lorry traffic passes. The surface is poor and the maintenance method is the patchwork one. When a bump develops, the noise of passing traffic develops with it, and by the time it becomes impossible to delay the repairs any longer, every lorry that passes makes a sound like a fifteen-inch gun. How would the Departmental Committee apportion the phons between road and lorry?

Vauxhall Share-out

Several thousand employees of Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., received their share of the profits made by the company during 1936 last month. The average worked out at £12 13s. 9d. each, a bonus amounting to about three weeks' wages. The profit-sharing scheme was first introduced in 1935, and in its second year it has produced a sum of £77,559 for distribution among the workers, an amount

which the company tells me is equal to a dividend of over 6 per cent. on each employee's earnings during the year. In spite of the increase by 700 in the number of men participating, the percentage is only slightly below that of last year, while the actual amount received is higher. The profit-sharing fund is arrived at by crediting to it yearly an amount equal to 10 per cent. of the net profits of the company after deducting 6 per cent. on the net capital employed in the business throughout the year. Every employee becomes a participant in the scheme after completing one year's service, and the longer the service the larger the share. All employees with over five years' continuous service receive an extra 2½ per cent. for each year in excess of five years up to a maximum of 25 per cent. It was when the distribution was made that Mr. C. J. Bartlett, the managing director, announced the closing down of the works for the first week of August, all employees being paid at standard hourly rates. Altogether, Vauxhall deserve congratulations.



A VERY SMART MOTOR CAR: MR. A. V. WINDOVER, LORD PORTARLINGTON AND MR. LIONEL WINDOVER WITH THE LATTER'S NEW PHANTOM III ROLLS-ROYCE

Mr. Lionel Windover's new Rolls-Royce is a particularly pleasing specimen of Windover coachwork, and the satisfaction apparent in this party of inspection is obviously well founded

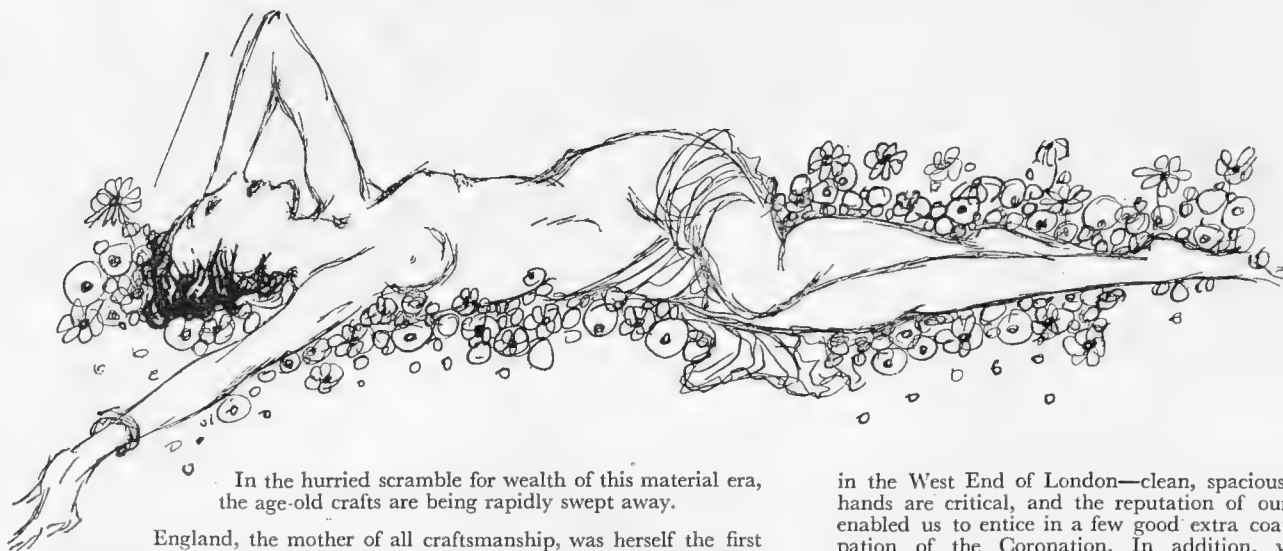
Air Eddies

(Continued from p. 44)

themselves being the upper and lower surfaces of the tank. A big saving in weight is obtained by this means.

Air Hostesses

A friend who has recently returned from New York and who made some trips on the American air lines told me that the free and easy way in which they are run attracted him. They are efficient, but when there is no need for rules, regulations and officialism, pilot, passengers and air hostess will chat together without dignity butting in. The air hostesses in particular seem to help to brighten air travel, and they might well be instituted by British lines.



In the hurried scramble for wealth of this material era, the age-old crafts are being rapidly swept away.

England, the mother of all craftsmanship, was herself the first country to introduce industrialism, the mechanical Frankenstein which killed all the poetry of individual achievement.

Almost everything can now be produced effectively by machine. Except good clothes.

No mechanical device can mould into a coat the style which hand-sewing alone can impart. And the skilled hand-sewing journeymen tailors are a race that is quickly dying. Young men are not prepared to undergo the arduous five years apprenticeship; they prefer an unskilled job at a higher starting wage. Foreign labour—the best comes from Scandinavia—is prohibited. Good journeymen tailors are at a premium.

How then is London going to maintain its position as the supreme arbiter of men's styles; how will it handle the influx of fresh business during the Coronation?

Pope and Bradley are fortunate in having the finest workshops

in the West End of London—clean, spacious and airy. Coathands are critical, and the reputation of our workshops has enabled us to entice in a few good extra coathands in anticipation of the Coronation. In addition, we have several apprentices who have reached maturity; in which respect we are almost unique among first class houses. Pope and Bradley employ at the moment over ten per cent of the total tailoring apprentices of the whole of England and Wales. Which does not mean that we have so very many.

But it does mean that, among those who have served their five years, we have a staff of skilled workhands, magnificently equipped to handle the added influx of trade that we anticipate. And in a manner which will uphold London prestige unchallenged in the sartorial world.

POPE & BRADLEY

14 OLD BOND ST., W.1.

ALLPORTS: COLMORE ROW, BIRMINGHAM



THE *Armstrong Siddeley* ATALANTA

This 17 h.p. car sets a new standard among high performance cars at a moderate price. It has exceptionally rapid acceleration, extreme responsiveness and a plentiful reserve of power. It is a delightful car to drive, silent alike in town and on the open road. Its stylish 4-door saloon coachwork has good visibility and headroom and ample luggage accommodation. At £525 (ex Works) it is outstanding value among British luxury cars.

The Atalanta is also available on the 20/25 h.p. chassis at £625.

Write for our interesting Catalogue "TL." and let us arrange a trial through your local agent.

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LTD., COVENTRY . LONDON: 10 OLD BOND ST. W.1 . MANCHESTER: 35 KING ST. WEST

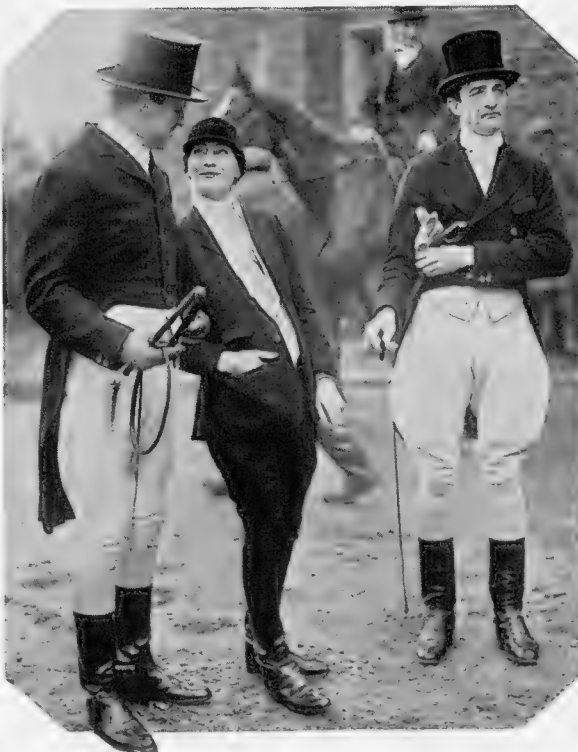
Agents in all principal centres

BUY A QUALITY CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM



LADY HELENA FITZWILLIAM AND
CAPTAIN J. D. PLAYER

THE BELVOIR AT WALTHAM HOUSE



CAPTAIN W. ROLLO, THE HON. MRS. E.
GREENALL, AND A. N. OTHER



EDWARD GREENALL, MINOR, AND
COLONEL LOCKETT

Waltham, where these pictures were collected, is the domicile of the Joint-Master of the Duke of Rutland's hounds, the Hon. Edward Greenall, and the châtelaine and family may be observed making various members of the field welcome. Leicestershire at long last is a bit less like the Atlantic Ocean, and the season is finishing well. Lady Helena Fitzwilliam, who is with Captain Player, is Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam's youngest daughter; Captain Rollo is the husband of Lady Kathleen Rollo, Lord Downshire's sister



BY APPOINTMENT

CRAFTSMANSHIP

*Windovers are showing an unrivalled collection of
Rolls-Royce cars fitted with the latest refinements
in bodywork designed in advance of the mode.*



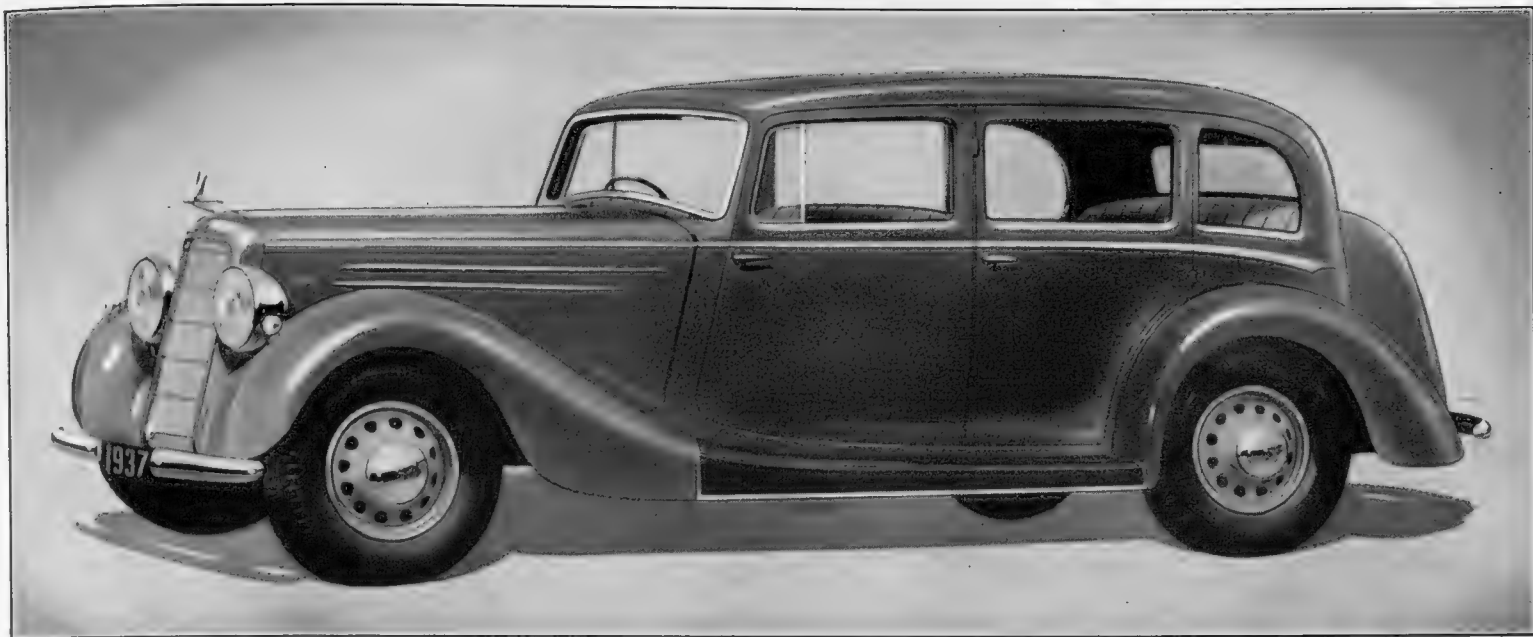
COACHWORK BY

WINDOVERS *obviously*

OFFICIAL ROLLS-ROYCE RETAILERS

M.F. Ltd.

62, CONDUIT STREET, W.1. TEL.: MAYFAIR 7043 — 33, SLOANE STREET, S.W.1. TEL.: SLOANE 5146.



WHY NOT SEVEN SEATS?

for the Price and Running Costs of a Saloon
that **ONLY** seats five



Did you know that Hillman offer today the world's finest value in Seven Seater Cars, a Saloon providing spacious comfort for as low as **£375**

a Limousine with winding division for chauffeur or **£395**
owner driving at

Here are proved cars of outstanding performance—from walking pace to the speed of a Hawk on top gear and, thanks to "Evenkeel" suspension, the greatest advance in riding comfort and safety ever made.

Why not investigate this? Write us for literature or get in touch with your local Hillman Dealer today.

HILLMAN

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

ROOTES LTD. OVERSEAS REPRESENTATIVES

AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND:

Mr. C. E. Blayney,
Kembla Buildings,
58, Margaret Street,
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House, C/r Rissik & Main
Streets, Johannesburg.

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72, Park Street,
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EUROPE & NEAR EAST:

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SOUTH AMERICA:

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THE HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO., LTD., COVENTRY.

London Showrooms & Export Dept. : ROOTES LTD., DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1.

C.F.H.194



The Highway of Fashion

By M.E. Brooke

New Hats
of
Character

HATS are particularly interesting this spring, as they are of a totally different character from those of the autumn. The high crown has been slaughtered and brims have come into their own. Felt is the accepted fabricating medium for those models which are destined for country and travel wear, as the inclemencies of the weather have no deleterious effect on it. Rough straws as well as many variations of the panama are in high favour; so is the Chinese "coolie," made by the natives in coarse grasses that need no dyeing

IT is the gayest of colours that have become important for hats primarily designed for town wear; they are seen in conjunction with black dresses. It is believed, however, that this is merely a passing whim. When an extra decorative touch is needed veils are introduced and draped to harmonise with the silhouette. Woollands, Knightsbridge, have assembled a representative collection of hats both with and without these accessories. Flowers and motifs of feathers appear in unexpected places



FLATTERING are the hats portrayed on this page from Woollands. The shady model at the top of the page is of black paribuntal with shallow crown and severe brim; at the back it is cut like a beret, a black velvet bow covering the bandeau. The scheme is completed with a cluster of shaded roses and primroses. The neat little toque on the right is of net massed with narcissi and caught with white ribbon. The hat in the centre is of paribuntal with a shallow crown and brim turned up at one side; this gives an excuse for introducing a bunch of roses. This firm would be pleased to send their brochure describing the many attractive models to be seen in these salons

Pictures by Blake



*T*his year the most sophisticated women will be praised by critical men, for make-up has gone natural. It's the thing in Coronation year to make-up to look as though you didn't. Not that that makes things any easier for us. On the contrary, it's more important than ever that you should get Lilian Mayle's advice, either personally or by writing to her. It's yours for the asking.

● All the best shops throughout the Empire sell Cyclax and will advise on the treatment.
58 SOUTH MOLTON STREET · LONDON · W.1 · MAYFAIR 0054
AND 7 EAST 53rd STREET · FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK



TO FILL OUT LINES AND HOLLOWES: CYCLAX SKIN FOOD gives a youthful suppleness to the skin. Definitely nourishes the under tissues and eradicates wrinkles
Price, 4/-, 7/6

★

TO CLEAR THE FACE OF SALLOWNESS OR BLEMISHES: CYCLAX SPECIAL LOTION . . . the lotion that is famous for clarifying the skin, drawing out the acid wastes, removing and preventing blemishes.
Price, 5/6, 10/6

★

A POWDER FOUNDATION TO PREVENT DRY SKIN: CYCLAX MILK OF ROSES, a fine emollient lotion . . . provides an exquisite powder base for the woman with a dry skin.
Price, 4/6, 8/6

★

TWO POWDER FOUNDATIONS THAT LAST MANY HOURS: CYCLAX DAY LOTION for dry and normal skins, Cyclax Blended Lotion for greasy skins, supplied in matching tones to all shades of powder. Price, 4/6, 8/6

cyclax

Graceful and Dignified



PREPARATIONS for the Coronation have revived an especial interest in the traditions of London as well as of the nation. A hundred years ago, when Queen Victoria came to the throne, the house of Marshall and Snelgrove was first established in Oxford Street, so this momentous year is also that of their centenary. Though the firm is of such long standing they are well ahead of the times in modern developments. Their restaurant has been entirely redecorated, and there is an expert dietician to give advice on the special menus which are served. The building is being decorated with real flowers throughout the season, and is further improved with new lifts and a new stairway to the lower ground floor. A charming collection of spring and summer fashions will be shown daily at three o'clock during the week beginning April 12; tickets for this mannequin parade may be obtained on application, while the special centenary catalogue will be sent gratis. The models on this page, from the Individual and Teagown Department, are delightful for formal occasions. The chiffon dress above is in black with an orchid design and cut-out flowers appliquéd round the hem of the net coat. Matt crêpe is used for the frock on the right, the back, sleeves and basque being sewn with white organdie leaves

Pictures by Blake



"I tell *Slim* women that
they need not lose
their figure!"

says J. Roussel,
master corsetier of Paris

—"It is natural to youth to scorn all restriction. This instinct of youth is good. How often ladies come to my salons with figures slack and shapeless, because muscles have been ruined by bones and stiff corsets. But then there are others—sportswomen who have never worn a belt—lumpy and muscular . . .

"I have now designed the ideal belt for the *jeune fille*, and for all clients who are slim and who do not wish to reduce. This belt is light, it never restricts, but it gives just that imperceptible restraint that prevents ugly development. When a young girl wears this special belt, she is as free as she could wish, but she will keep her figure young and she will never need to come to me for any other kind of belt!"

Wear a belt by J. Roussel
designed for you alone

On Sale Only at

J. Roussel Ltd.
(of Paris)

179-181 Regent Street, W.1

Telephone: Regent 6571

and 74 New Bond St., W.1

Telephone: Mayfair 1630

Branches in London; and at Birmingham, 6 Midland Arcade; Bristol, 53 Park Street; Bournemouth, Hampshire House, The Square; Hove, 66 Western Road; Manchester, 6 King Street; Liverpool, 8 South John Street (Lord Street); Leicester, 1, Granby Buildings (corner of Bishop Street); Glasgow, 345 Sauchiehall Street; and Edinburgh, 1 Frederick Street (Princes Street). RS7a

Supplying direct to the public, J. Roussel is able to offer the Roussel Belt at prices lower than those obtaining for good class corsets of the usual type. Hip-belts, 15 inches deep, from £2 2'0. Long-belts (with hand-made Lace Brassiere combined) from £3 3'0. Panties from £2 2'0. Lace Brassieres from 30/-. Elastic Lace Brassieres from £2 2'0.

May we send you our beautifully illustrated catalogue No. 10, free on request?

FAVOURITES IN FASHION'S ELECTION

THERE is always something particularly attractive about fashions in wool that come from North of the Tweed. Jenners, Princes Street, Edinburgh, are responsible for those portrayed on this page. The cardigan suit on the right is a pleasing study in green plaid; it is ninety-eight and sixpence, while the cashmere pull-over with a cord at the neck which completes the scheme is thirty-seven shillings and sixpence

CASHMERE of the finest quality makes the jumper on the left below. As will be seen, it buttons down the front and has two breast pockets; the higher neckline labels it Spring 1937. Of it one may become the possessor for thirty-five shillings and sixpence. The Twin Set on the right is of blue ribbed cashmere and is available in all the other fashionable shades; naturally, each garment may be worn separately

AND Jenners really do have sheer stockings of exalted merit; they are ring-clear and all British made. There is an all silk super sheer reinforced with silk for three shillings and elevenpence a pair, and this is likewise the cost of a "Sta-dull" stocking. These are plain and fine, made from "magic twist" for beauty and sheerness, reinforced with pure silk tops and specially constructed silk plated toes and heels



Pictures by Blak

Majestic spectacle—golden splendour—thrilling artistry and lighting—the Golden Hall of Homage at the Ideal Home Exhibition.

SEE THE GOLDEN HALL OF HOMAGE
DAILY MAIL
IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION
OLYMPIA, W. MAR. 30 TO APL. 24



History's pages turned back—Royal romances retold—remarkable realism in the "Rooms of the Kings and Queens" at the Ideal Home Exhibition.

See the ROOMS OF THE KINGS & QUEENS
DAILY MAIL
IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION
OLYMPIA — MARCH 30 TO APRIL 24



Beauty spots in which the world's famous lovers disclosed their passion and gardens dedicated to their love. "The Gardens of the Lovers" at the Ideal Home Exhibition.

See the GARDENS OF THE LOVERS
DAILY MAIL
IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION
OLYMPIA — MAR. 30 - APL. 24



Blonde, Brunette—Redhead—for each her background. See how "Backgrounds for Beauty" provides settings for all types. In a novel series of rooms at the Ideal Home Exhibition.

SEE "BACKGROUNDS FOR BEAUTY"
DAILY MAIL
IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION
OLYMPIA
MARCH 30 TO APRIL 24



Take the Children to PICCANINNY CIRCUS
DAILY MAIL
IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION
OLYMPIA
MARCH 30 TO APRIL 24



All the children's favourite toys and games and many new ones wait to welcome them in their own exhibition—"Piccaninny Circus" at the Ideal Home Exhibition.

See the "ALL-IN" HOME
DAILY MAIL
IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION
OLYMPIA — MARCH 30 TO APRIL 24

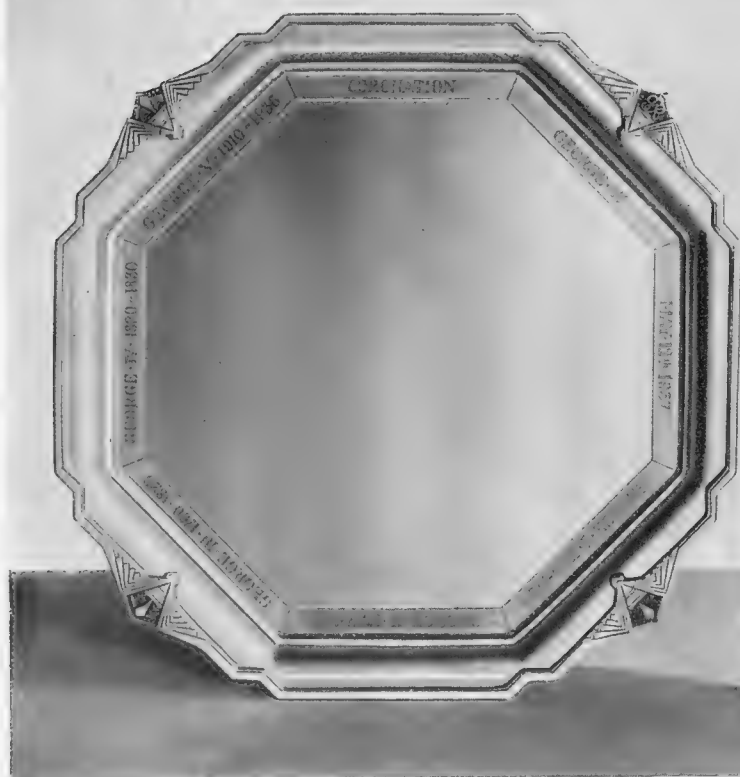


"The All-In Home"—an "elastic" house with practically all its modern furnishing built-in—a revolution in home-making—at the Ideal Home Exhibition

Now open 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Daily. Admission 2/4d. including tax. After 6 p.m. 1/2d.

ALFREDO and his Gipsies—Sydney Baynes' Broadcasting Orchestra.
New six-floor garage for 1,200 cars adjoins Olympia.

CORONATION SILVER



THE special sterling silver cups, bowls and other pieces of great beauty in the show-rooms of Mappin and Webb, Oxford Street, Regent Street and Queen Victoria Street, will worthily commemorate the achievements of Coronation year. An illustrated brochure has been prepared, which they will send on application. Some of the many interesting examples are portrayed on this page. Suitably decorated is the child's silver bowl and spoon in the case—this would make the perfect christening gift



THE silver salver at the top of the page on the left has eight facets showing the dates of the Georges and national emblems. An important feature of the silver cup beside it is the finely modelled lion handle; beauty and grace of line are achieved in conjunction with a restrained patriotic motif

THEIR Majesties' names and the Royal cipher appear on the top of the sugar sifter above, on which views of London are seen. It must frankly be stated that the cost is £3 10s. The air-tight canister is thirty-five shillings, and is destined to hold fifty cigarettes; the Crown and Royal monogram are again seen on the lid, with views of the City underneath. The sweet dish or ash tray is treated in the same manner as the salver



Pictures by Blake

1837 1937

Marshall & Snelgrove's CENTENARY



THE old axiom . . . that people are known by the company they keep is equally true of a shop by the merchandise it keeps.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE for a century has kept company with the best in the land.

A FEATURE of the Centenary Celebrations now proceeding is the "Le Gant" Fitting Week with Miss Edith Norris in attendance. "Le Gant" is the aristocrat of corsetry.

FASHIONS for a formal year and a season of brilliant Social and Ceremonial Functions, demand more than ever that precisely correct corseting which "Le Gant" achieves with such distinction. Even the naturally good figure made supple by constant exercise must have proper corseting to attain the moulded elegance demanded by the mode.

Illustrated :—

"Le Gant" Corsellete for evening wear, seamless hip garment in silk material. Satin front panel and matching panel of satin made from "Lastex" yarn at back. Short "Lightning" fastener at back. Model 3100. Bust 4 Gns. Sizes—32-40. Price

"Le Gant" Step-in Belt. Beautiful seamless hip model for average figures, with the "Two way-one way" "Flatterback" control (British Patent 417407). Low back. Short "Lightning" fastener at side. Model Y404. 45/6 Sizes 25-30

Dainty Brassiere with lace cup sections, low back model. Model 1042. Sizes 32-38 Price 12/6

MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE
Oxford Street,
W.1.



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PICTURES FROM

OVER THE SEAS



IN CYPRUS: MR. RUPERT GUNNIS AND
BRIGADIER-GENERAL AND MRS. RANKIN



AT SEA: MAJOR HARRY
MORRITT AND
MR. F. H. PAYNE



ANOTHER FROM CYPRUS: MR. AND MRS. ABEL
SMITH AND LADY PALMER AND DAUGHTER

The two Cyprus pictures left and right were taken at a recent ceremonial police parade. Lady Palmer is the wife of the Governor, H.E. Sir Richmond Palmer, who was appointed in 1933. Mr. and Mrs. Abel Smith are Lady Palmer's brother and sister-in-law. Brigadier-General and Mrs. Rankin were on a visit to Cyprus, but Mr. Rupert Gunnis is one of Nicosia's permanent residents and is reported to be busy building himself a very attractive new house. Major Harry Morritt and "Pa" Payne, a very well-known personality at the Bath Club, were recently snapshotted on the German liner *Orinoco* when on the way back from a holiday cruise to Mexico

INDIA

THE TYRES THAT HAVE THE ROAD

INDIA

IN THEIR GRIP

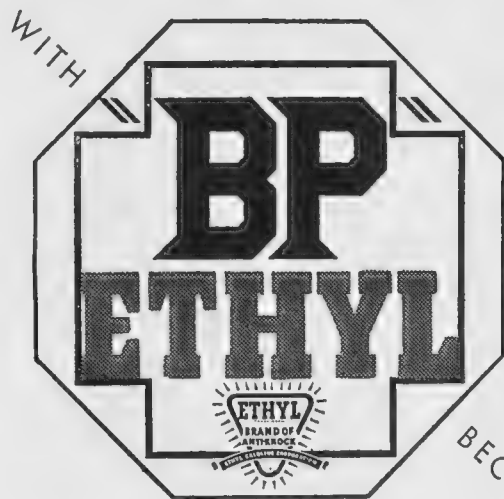
LENHAM ARTERIAL ROAD
near Charing, Kent.

In 100 miles of Britain's trunk roads you'll encounter half a dozen different road surfaces and maybe as many types of weather—from rain-drenched concrete to greasy tar macadam. Your tyres must adapt themselves to every condition. Fit INDIA—the tyres that have the road in their GRIP

DARTMOOR PONIES



TWO extra horse-power



If yours is for example, a 12 h.p. car, and you are using an unsuitable petrol which causes "pinking," your engine is probably developing only 10 h.p. By changing over to "BP" Ethyl you can banish "pinking" and get two extra horse-power. This is because "BP" Ethyl is specially made to suit the modern high-compression engine.

Banishes Pinking



"Wills' Gold Flake
—now there's a
CLEAN SMOKE
for you"

CLEAN AND SMOOTH TO THE PALATE

G.F.B.106

"The Maroon"—continued from p. 42

"I could, of course, have loosened one of the planks of the platform and sent that overboard; but I was terrified of throwing a great weight to the ground because it might kill or injure somebody below. I stood up, steadying myself by holding on to the carved finial of the pinnacle, and waved my arm. Presently I found myself getting a little giddy, so I sat down with my back to the stonework and waited. Soon I would be missed and somebody would come to look for me. The steeplejacks would be recalled from their evening meal and I would be rescued with a great deal of grumbling for having made a nuisance of myself to everybody. Then I reflected that it was unlikely that anybody would miss me. I was irregular in my habits, and quite often in the evening, instead of going back to my inn, I would take a long walk to some village in the vale, drink a glass of beer and have some cheese or bacon, and get back to the inn just before ten. There was no reason at all why anyone should miss me at the inn till ten o'clock, perhaps not then. Meanwhile there was a long August evening before me in which I might be spotted by somebody from the ground and questions might be asked about my presence on the scaffold.

"I sat down for a few minutes, and then I stood up and waved again. I repeated that performance at intervals of five minutes until sunset, and with sunset came a faint breeze from the south-west. There was a cloud drift which turned the earth grey long before the sunshine ceased to shine upon the tower top. I realised that I should be in bright daylight probably longer than anybody else in that part of England, for my elevation was so much greater. Brell itself is built on the shoulder of the downs, and the cathedral soars up well above the level of the crest of the range. It was warm, and the south-west wind itself was warm, too, but it was bringing with it a lot of heavy, hurrying clouds. There was no need now for me to stand up, because nobody could possibly have seen me from the ground.

"Perhaps you don't remember the break of that great drought of 1911. It began with a light breeze which presently freshened into a roaring south-west gale, with large thunder clouds and, presently, driving rain that chilled the air. When the thunderstorm broke, which it did just before midnight, I was terrified. Those monster clouds seemed just above my head. The pinnacles of the tower almost pierced them. Thunder roared and shook the platform while I clung to the carved stonework and prayed that the wind would not get me and that I would not be swept off my flimsy, rattling planks.

"Presently the clouds were driven away before the gale and the rain and thunder ceased, but the wind had risen to a shrieking hurricane. It whistled and yelled as it struck those four pinnacles, as though the sharp stonework shapes were cutting holes in the air, each hole an open mouth, roaring in anger. Remembering the condition of that pinnacle, knowing how it was being rebuilt bit by bit and the worn stonework replaced, I endured the most agonising apprehensions. The platform rocked and the pinnacle swayed. There I lay at full length on the planks, my arms clasped round the pinnacle, soaked to the skin, shivering, my teeth chattering, and desperately hungry. I had been sick; I felt hopelessly empty; and for some hours now I had been continuously afraid. The gale increased, and the dawn came after hours and hours of waiting. Some of the time I must have been partly unconscious. No, I didn't sleep; I just lost consciousness at intervals.

"It was a bleak kind of dawn, for the sky was covered with rain-charged clouds, rushing north-eastwards, chased by the south-west gale, which increased as the day broke. That gale endured all day; there was no peep of sunlight; only the grey menacing presence of clouds above me, and no human activity on the tower. The steeplejacks would not come near the tower on a day like that, and I dared not stand up to attract attention, otherwise the wind would have plucked me from the platform. I saw, when I once ventured to crawl to the edge of the platform, that my sketch book had been whisked off the top of the tower, so that even if the steeplejacks had discovered the broken ladder there was nothing to indicate my presence, for, lying there on the platform, I could not be seen from below.

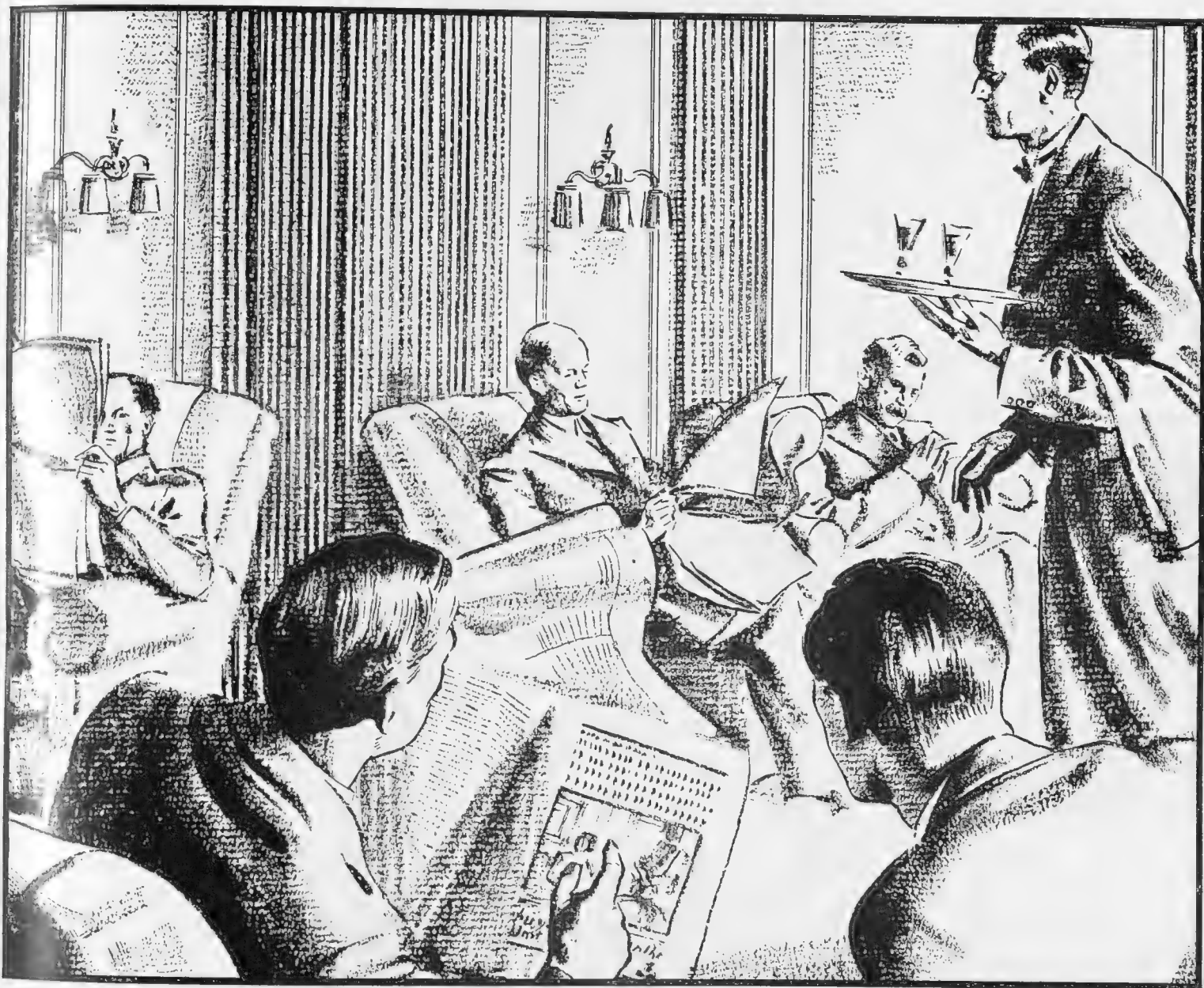
"There I was, marooned, as helpless as a man without food or drink in an open boat in the middle of the Atlantic, but far more wretched, afflicted by greater terrors than any shipwrecked seaman could possibly experience. All day long the gale went on, but when darkness came it dropped. All through the following night heavy rain sluiced down, breaking the drought that had gripped the whole of England and relieving my thirst. Towards morning the rain ceased, and again the wind rose. Another south-westerly gale was tearing over England. I began to have a new fear. I wondered whether the damage wrought by the gale had been so great that the city of Brell was wrecked, and that so much rescue work and trouble was going on below me on the earth that days might elapse before anyone thought of resuming work on the tower. Meanwhile, I was starving.

"You, sir, do not know what starvation means. There is quite

(Continued on p. xvi)

HEARD AT THE CLUB

“Seen this, James?” “Yes, good idea. It’s time people realised how much we owe to the British motor industry. It’s because of their enterprise that our air defence programme is being carried out so efficiently”



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"The Maroon"—continued from p. xiv

a lot of pain attached to it. I suffered from a continuous headache; I had fits of shivering. I slept uneasily, but soon I tried to keep myself awake, for several times upon awakening I had found myself lying with my arms hanging down over the platform and my head nodding over the appalling abyss. I had awakened only in time to pull myself back.

"I soon lost count of days as the gale roared on. It's queer how we forget great storms and exceptional weather. I was up there nearly a week before my numbed brain became aware of a new danger. Large birds, black, sinister creatures, perched on the pinnacles of the tower and watched me. I knew what they were waiting for. They were big, savage-looking crows, with beaks like javelins. On the eighth day they were bold enough to perch on the very platform where I lay prone, hardly able to move."

"Excuse me," I interrupted, "but are you telling me that the gale lasted for eight days?"

"No, sir," replied the stranger. "The gale lasted for five days, but for the three remaining days I was so weak that I was unable to stand, and I was told afterwards that the whole of the lower scaffolding and the remaining ladders had been carried away by the gale and had to be rebuilt. Although I did not know it, because I was so weak and partly unconscious, the steeplejacks were working under the platform for two days as I lay on top of it, helpless and in an agony of terror."



LORD LECONFIELD AND LADY WINTERTON
AT SHILLINGLEE PARK

A snapshot the day Lord Leconfield's hounds had their "to end the season" tryst at Lord and Lady Winterton's seat, Shillinglee Park, Chiddingfold, Surrey. Lord Leconfield has been Master of his own hounds since 1901. They trace back to the luckless Monmouth's Charlton pack through Lord Egremont's pack

"How were you rescued?" I asked.

"Not until I had been up there twelve days, sir," replied the stranger.

"They thought I was dead. They found three dead crows on the platform. I suppose I must have caught them, because they were partially gnawed, and they said that my face was covered with blood and feathers.

"There, sir," he concluded, "perhaps you understand now why it is impossible for me to eat in public. I eat too fast, too ravenously for decency."

"Er, well, I can't—" I began, but the other man in the carriage, who had not spoken hitherto, suddenly said:

"I say, Charles, we shall be getting to Tallhampton in a few minutes."

The big man rose and glanced at his hands.

"I'd better wash," he said.

When he had gone along the corridor his companion said to me:

"I told that fool of a dining-car attendant not to come in here. Any mention of food always sets him off."

I began to understand.

"You mean to say that the whole story's a delusion?" I asked.

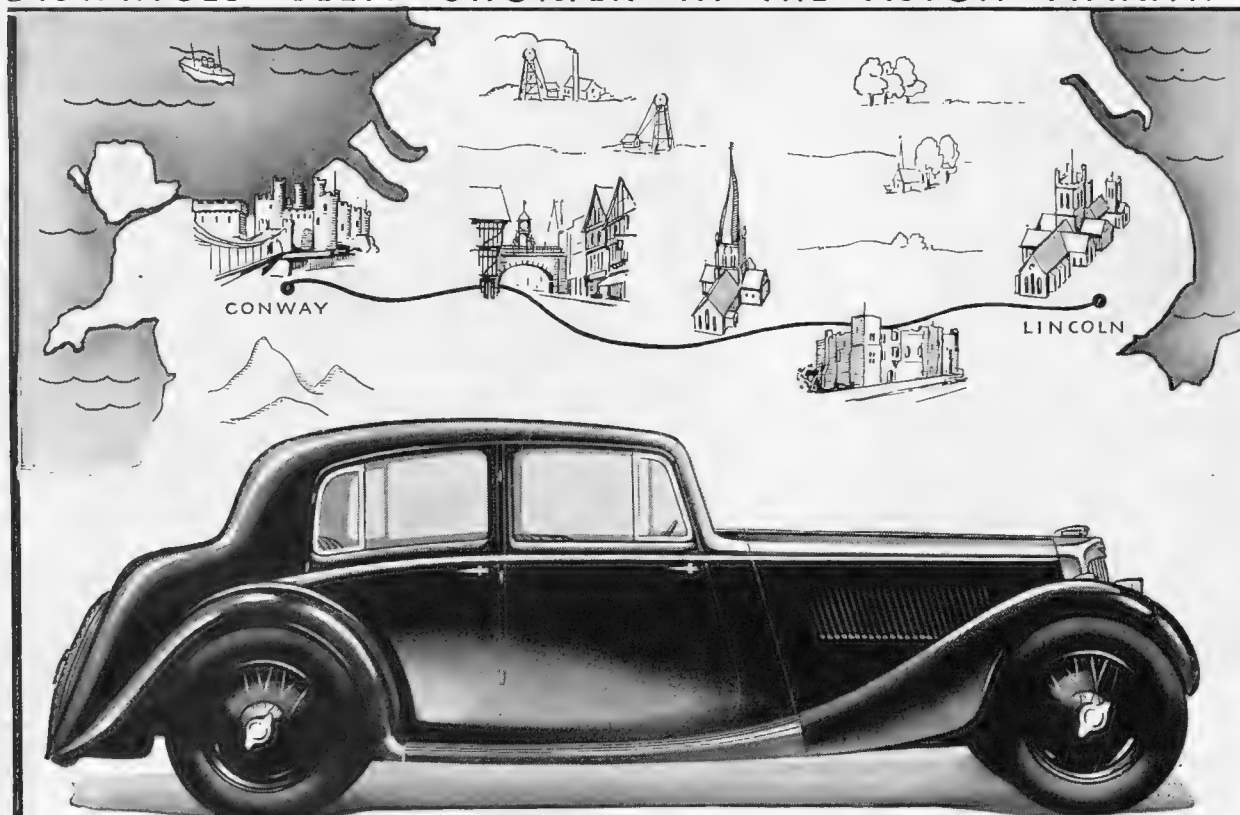
"Not exactly," was the reply.

"He's not dangerous, either, but once he spent a night on top of a tower on some scaffolding that the steeplejacks had left; he's never been the same since. He did it for a bet."

I couldn't help wondering whether the other man was his keeper, and I must have asked that question by my expression, for he said:

"No, I am not his keeper. He's not as bad as that. I was merely the thoughtless fool who provoked him to take the bet."

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James T. Skinner.

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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Abroad.

The marriage between Mr. C. W. Newman Sanders and Miss Maggie Glover will take place at the Church of All Saints, Malabar Hill, Bombay, on April 17; and early in July the marriage will take place in Burma between Major Horace M. Day, 4th Battalion, 7th Rajput Regiment, attached Burma Military Police, the youngest son of the late Mr. J. Terrett Day and of Mrs. Terrett Day, of 21, Tivoli Road, Cheltenham, and Miss Eleanor Crosse, the youngest daughter of Ven. Archdeacon Crosse, of Burford, Oxford, and the late Mrs. Crosse.



Tunbridge

MISS PEGGY BAGOT CHESTER

The only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Hugh Bagot Chester, of 22, Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, W., who is to marry Mr. Wallace Stuart Finlayson, the younger son of Captain and Mrs. Robert Finlayson, of 162, Sloane Street, S.W. Mr. Wallace Finlayson's stage name is Wallace Douglas

This Month.

Mr. Robert Leslie Townsend, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Townsend, of Riverhouse, Canterbury, and Miss Dorothy Rosemary Clarke, the second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Clarke, of Brimmerston House, near Salisbury, are being married quietly this month in London; on April 24, Mr. Norman Lambourne and Miss Joan Rowlandson are to be married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street; the marriage between Mr. Evelyn Waugh and Miss Laura Herbert will take place on April 17; and on April 30 Mr. Douglas Nicholson marries Miss Pauline Lawson-Tancred at Aldborough Church, near Boroughbridge.

Recently Engaged.

Lieutenant Terence Butler, Royal Navy, the only son of the late Hon. Francis Butler and the Hon. Mrs. Francis Butler, of Belmore Cottage, Upham, Hants, and grandson of the sixth Earl of Lanesborough, and Miss Hermione Williams, the only child of the late Commander T. C. H. Williams, M.V.O., Royal Navy, and Mrs. T. C. H. Williams, of Grove Court, Drayton Gardens, S.W.; Major Patrick J. C. Honner, M.C. (late R.A.), the son of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. W. J. Honner, of Durlfold Hall, Dunsfold, Surrey, and Miss Doris Madeline Felce, the daughter of

Mr. P. E. Felce, barrister-at-law, and the late Mrs. Felce, of Esher, Surrey; Squadron - Leader Richard Erskine Bain, the only son of the late Colonel D. S. E. Bain, I.M.S., and of Mrs. Bain, of St. Helier, Jersey, C.I., and Miss Hester Christian Maddison Green, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Maddison Green, of Havercroft, Hoddesdon, Herts; Mr. Robert Tristram Combe, Coldstream Guards, the only son of the late Mr. R. T. Combe and of Mrs. Combe, of Earnshill, Curry Rivel, Somerset, and Miss Shournagh Dorothy Colthurst, the younger daughter of Mr. R. St. J. Colthurst, of Blarney Castle, Ireland, and of Mrs. Colthurst, of Quatt, Bridgnorth, Shropshire; Lieut. Hugh Murray Clark, R.I.N., the only son of Major and Mrs. H. J. Clark, of Heathfield, Sussex, and Miss Sheila Price, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. E. Price, of Elkaduwa, Ceylon.



Elstob

MISS MARIE PEREIRA

The daughter of Major-General Sir Cecil and Lady Pereira, whose marriage takes place on April 15 at Brompton Oratory to Mr. Hugh Radcliffe, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Everard Radcliffe, of St. Trinians Hall, Richmond, Yorkshire



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The reason you have blackheads and blemishes, the reason your skin looks grey and dull beneath your make-up is because it is not really clean. Every day dirt, dust and make-up work through your pores and lie beneath your skin. Soap and water, which merely cleanse the surface of your skin, will not remove these impurities, but Innoxa Complexion Milk will, for it penetrates deeply beneath the surface and gently draws them forth. This is the only way you can obtain a really clean skin. Buy a bottle of Innoxa Complexion Milk to-day. After one week's treatment you will notice a decided improvement, and in one month you will have regained the clear and lovely skin you thought you had lost forever.

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LADIES' KENNEL

It is difficult to realise, with snow falling outside, that we are within six weeks of the Coronation. Knowing the climate, it may, and I trust will, be tropical by the time these notes appear. The week after the Coronation is the week of our Show, May 19, and I now begin to be truly tiresome in reminding people of this, especially this year, as it really will be an opportunity for people to have their dogs seen. It is the only general show in London in the months of May and June, so anyone from abroad and overseas who wants to see dogs must come to it. In this connection I would like to be of any help I can, both to people getting dogs and also in giving addresses where the said dogs can be kept till the owner wishes to leave the country. It is not always convenient to take a strange dog about touring, but there are several excellent places in or near London where dogs can be boarded for short or long periods.

Mrs. Adlam is well known as one of the leading owners of Bull Terriers. Many are the champions and winners that have borne the "Brendon" prefix. She has both the white and the coloured



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varieties. Coloured Bull Terriers are rather popular and there is nothing now to choose in quality between them and their white brothers. Bull Terriers make splendid companions and guards, especially in tropical countries as they bear heat well. Mrs. Adlam has exported them



BULL TERRIER PUPPIES

The property of Mrs. Adlam

A letter from Mrs. Sugden, which is always interesting. She has some French Bulldog pups for sale, and says of them: "One nearly six months, inoculated and house-trained, others four months, from Chs. Gabrielle and Germaine. There are some really lovely pups now for sale. They are highly intelligent and exceptionally attractive; there is a lovely dog, perfect body and tail, huge head." Mrs. Sugden specially wishes me to say that she has no connection with any boarding kennel and never has had, nor have her daughters. She is not able to keep many dogs, but the ones she has got are of the best. Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



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Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 31

Mr. Hector Bolitho's "Edward VIII" has been presented to me by the publishers, Eyre and Spottiswoode (who, incidentally, are the King's Printers), and I make my grateful acknowledgments. I should imagine that the author must have been somewhat appalled by the difficulty and delicacy of the task he had set himself. It is of a nature to fill anyone with some trepidation, and the wonder is that Mr. Bolitho has managed to do it as well as he has. Whether, in view of the fact that the history of the events with which he deals is so very recent, the book ought to have been done at all, is a point upon which there will be many divergent opinions. On the other hand, as so much has been said in some sections of the Press of the world in a manner and with a total lack of good taste which are a shock to the susceptibilities, it may be a good thing that a somewhat different class of narrative should have been compiled. Mr. Bolitho has nothing extenuated nor ought set down in malice, and if a book of this nature had to be done it is possible that no one could have exercised greater discretion. My own personal view, whatever be its value, is that it would have been better if this record had been kept in cold storage for another quarter of a century, for the incidents are of too raw and painful intimacy at this present moment. It is impossible, however, for such a book to be passed by in silence, for that would aggravate rather than alleviate.

The following short extract will, I think, indicate the general trend of Mr. Bolitho's treatment of his subject:—

"If the Prince of Wales disappointed his father and those ranks of society which expected their Prince to be their leader, there was

another field in which the heir to the throne performed unique service. His judgment sometimes erred, but his compassion brought the poor close to his heart. The final battle of his life as King was to be between his heart and his judgment, and it was to be his judgment that failed."



AT WINCANTON STEEPLECHASES:
LORD AND LADY CRANLEY

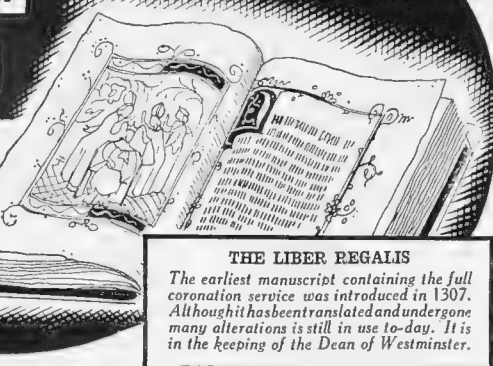
Lord and Lady Cranley were on their way to look at the horses at Wincanton when this picture was taken. Lord Onslow's heir is in the Life Guards, he married Lord Dillon's only daughter last year

At the time when the events, which a whole Empire deplored, were happening, and when it was more than ever desirable that the utmost circumspection should be exercised, a veiled suggestion was made in these notes that the circumstances were exactly on all fours with the operations of a trainer who as a preparation for the winning of a Grand National, galloped his charge every day and all day on a hard, high road. Even those who know nothing about training race-horses might understand that that would be a very good recipe for breaking him down. No one in the history of the world has even been kept at such high pressure for so long a period as Edward VIII, and only a cast-iron constitution could have stood up to it. No one can stand at attention all the time. And yet that was what Edward VIII was expected to do. There is a very well-known old rule of race-riding, the trick of balancing him before asking him for his final effort. It was perfected by the Chifneys, and it eventually became known as the "Chifney rush." It does not apply only to race-riding, but to all human affairs. Sam Chifney's theory was this: that, if you had sufficient judgment of pace to know to a split second when to steady him, to "catch him up" as is technically said, it was almost any odds on his travelling farther and faster than he would have done if you had let him gallop on at the pace he was then going. I suggest that anyone can find out what a fine recipe it is for catching the man in front if he tries it even when only walking along a road. There is no need to ride a race.

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Photos, Howard Barrett

AT THE SOUTH NOTTS POINT-TO-POINT

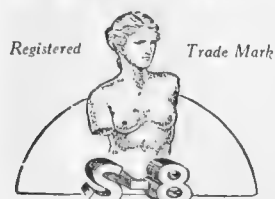
MR. G. McLEAN (a winner) AND
MR. ROLAND BOURNEMRS. SANDS AND THE HON. E
GREENALL, M.F.H.CAPTAIN J. D. PLAYER, MR. G. M. GIBBS
AND LORD BEATTY

The South Notts ran their point-to-point at Oxton and as it was a Bank Holiday they had a full house in every department, and some of those who provided the high lights of an excellent entertainment are seen in the above snapshots. Mr. McLean won the Members' Race on his mother's horse, Hertford. He (the jockey) is only in his teens. Mr. Roland Bourne was on the runner-up, Scimitar, winner of this event three years in succession. The hard-riding wife of the Junior Master of the Belvoir won the Ladies' Race on Blue Button II. Mrs. Sands is the future Lady Beatty. Lord Beatty, who is in the picture alongside, had two of his own running and rode them both. Captain Player also rode one of his own in the Adjacent Hunts Race, won by his brother's Bay Seal. Mr. Gibbs, who is with them, is a very well-known point-to-point performer.

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Mesdames, Messieurs

Permettez nous d'exprimer à nos amis anglais nos vœux affectueux à l'approche de la cérémonie du couronnement de leurs Majestés le Roi GEORGES VI et la Reine ELIZABETH. Le peuple anglais tout entier aura à cœur de célébrer dignement, comme il convient, un événement d'une aussi grande portée historique. Ce sera l'occasion pour tous les bons sujets britanniques de s'assembler autour d'une table bien servie afin de lever leur verre en l'honneur de leur Roi et de leur Reine.

* * *

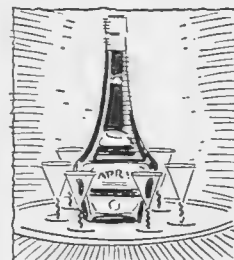
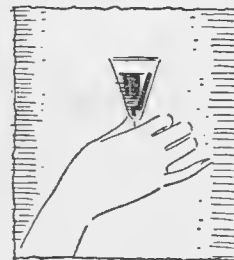
De tous temps, la France a eu le privilège de pouvoir s'associer à de telles réunions grâce à ses excellents produits : ils constituent l'absence même de tout bon repas et l'on peut surtout affirmer que ses vieilles liqueurs ont toujours été le couronnement indispensable de toutes les fêtes.

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Quand vous établirez vos menus pour l'époque du Couronnement pensez donc aux mérites particuliers de la reine des liqueurs françaises, l'âme de l'Abricot : l'APRY.

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APRY

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Lawn Tennis—continued from p. 36

single matches almost inevitably gone in advance. However, let us take what comfort we can from the fact that Charlie Hare, the most promising aspirant for Perry's place in the team, has been concentrating hard all the winter on physical jerks to cure his tendency to flat-footedness, that tendency which makes him unable to change direction at the last moment, or to reach the net as quickly as he should after he has served. Once at the net, his volleying is magnificent, and I honestly believe that we have here in the making, if not another Perry, at least a very reasonable second string to Austin.

It is typical of this exquisite stylist that whenever we have met during recent months it has always been at some function far removed from a tennis court. A first night, a concert, a gathering to do honour to that great patron of the arts, Sir Edward Marsh, whose generosity and vision will be remembered long after I have disappeared into my last burrow.

I have always felt that one of the reasons why so many of our home players get so far in their tennis career and then somehow stick is because they are so lacking in any intellectual backing in their lives. This is particularly the case in regard to our lady players, whose artistic achievements seldom reach further than an ability to knit themselves jumpers and socks to match.

There are exceptions, of course. Little Gem Hoahing is one of them, but then, of course, she does not belong to this country as far as

race is concerned. Behind that inscrutable Oriental calm is a mind alive to all beauty, that beauty which is so instinct in her own lovely flow of movements on the court. Here is another junior who is going to upset many senior temperaments before the season is over. I watched her practising this week at Melbury (whose annual tournament in a fortnight is going to have its usual brilliant entry, I hear), and I have only one criticism to make of her game. It is that she is inclined to allow her left leg to go too much to the side in taking

her forehand. I know that Perry made many of his most formidable shots on this wing directly facing the net, but it is a dangerous legacy he has left behind. Only the great can afford to be unorthodox, and too many teachers, blinded by Perry's brilliance, are inclined to tell their pupils that there is no need for the left shoulder to be turned right forward at the moment of impact on the forehand. The answer to that is: look at Miss Valerie Scott's forehand. Here is another ex-junior champion whose crisp, bold volleying is a joy to watch, but when it comes to her taking a return of service the on-looker is never certain whether her ball is going into the stop netting or lodge in the bottom of the net. It is all right to play tricks with the rudimentary principles of style if you are a Perry or a Tilden, who, incidentally, was ruthlessly orthodox in all that he taught his own protégés from Vincent Richards downwards; but for those who are trying to make up in ball control what they lack in tennis genius, it is as well to remember that, as in life, so in other games, orthodoxy pays best in the long run.



AT THE BEMBRIDGE SAILING CLUB: GOING OFF FOR THE FIRST RACE OF THE SEASON

H. M. Till

With the turn of the year the yachtsman returns to his old love, and this boatload were on their way to the joyful event of opening the season at Bembridge. The names are, to port: Mr. Michael Cockburn, Miss Monica Clark, Flight-Lieut. H. Mellor and Air Vice-Marshal Pierse. To starboard: Miss Elles, Mr. Colin Cockburn, Miss Nan Mellor, Miss Pierse and Major C. C. Nainby Luxmoore. Miss Elles' sister is amidships

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LORD MIDDLETON WITH
MRS. WICKHAM-BOYNTONAT THE STAINTONDALE
HUNT 'CHASESMAJOR AND LADY MARGARET ILLINGWORTH
CHATTING TO LADY HALIFAXLADY DOWNE (LEFT) AND
A FRIEND

Photos, Victor Hey

The Staintondale Hunt Steeplechases were held on Scarborough Racecourse on Easter Monday. Captain Wickham-Boynton was judging at the meeting. Lord Middleton is Lord Lieutenant of the East Riding of Yorkshire. Major H. C. H. Illingworth was formerly in the K.R.R., his wife is the Earl of Crawford's eldest daughter. Lady Downe is an American, she was Miss Margaret Bahnsen, of Passaic: she presented the trophies on this occasion. The Staintondale, who are neighbours of the Middleton, Goathland and Derwent, is very old as a hunting country. The dalesmen were granted a charter to hunt over their dales by King John in reward for his rescue from a shipwreck on their coasts. Hounds are hunted by Mr. H. L. Farrer with two amateur whips

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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, write us: "Perhaps one of the saddest of all things is to find gentlefolk completely destitute in their later days. We want 5s. a week to help a widowed lady in desperate need; sixty-eight years old, she has met with ill-luck at every turn of her life: her husband died at the age of thirty, leaving her nothing, and she returned to her parents, eventually nursing them both until they died. Again finding herself without any means at all she took a post as companion which she held for several years, until the lady whom she was with unfortunately became mental and, dying, made no provision for her in her will. Suffering now from valvular disease of the heart, she could take no other post, and turned to a society for aiding gentlefolk, who have been granting her 10s. weekly. On this tiny sum she has battled bravely, but is actually at starvation's door. Please, will somebody help this pathetically urgent case?"

A special appeal for £60,000 is being made for the Widows and Orphans Fund of the National Union of Journalists, and to help raise this sum a grand film première of *Glamorous Night* will be given at the Regal Cinema, Marble Arch, on April 15 next at 9 p.m. Miss Mary Ellis,



MARIE HOLLIS, WHO IS DANCING AT THE VICTORIA PALACE

Marie Hollis is a new importation to this country from the United States. She is the graceful and agile acrobatic dancer in *Strip-Teasing You*, which is the new show now at the Victoria Palace

Otto Kruger, and Victor Jory are in the film. The joint chairmen of the appeal are the Countess of Carlisle and Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale. The Widows and Orphans Fund of the National Union of Journalists was established in 1911 for the purpose of relieving distress among dependants of deceased members, and not one farthing of the Fund goes in administrative expenses. Tickets, which cost from 5s. to £10 10s. each, may be obtained from the Countess of Carlisle, Room 800, Claridge's Hotel, W., and all the theatre agencies.

On Tuesday, April 20, at Grosvenor House, H.R.H. The Duke of Kent will preside over a festival dinner in aid of Papworth Village Settlement. At Papworth (near Cambridge) they treat, train, house and employ otherwise unemployable sufferers from tuberculosis. A twofold achievement is thus attained. On the one hand, the consumptive with his family is rendered independent of charity, and finds new hope—so vital in assisting a cure—and a new lease of life. On the other hand, not only is the taxpayer saved the very considerable expense of maintaining both the unemployable worker and his dependants, but the risk of infection is lessened; and, most important, a practical means has thus been discovered, through voluntary segregation, of checking the spread of T.B. It is a very significant fact that no baby born at Papworth has contracted tuberculosis in any known clinical form. The dinner promises to be an exceptionally cheery function. The speakers, additionally to His Royal Highness, are the Archbishop of Canterbury and Sir Patrick Hastings. After the dinner there will be dancing to Jack Payne and his band; a cabaret with Gracie Fields and Nelson Keys; and a series of novelty competitions, in which prizes range from a saloon car to a magnum of champagne. Tickets are free, and parties of any size are welcome—it is left to guests to make whatever donation they consider suitable. The tickets and all information may be obtained from the Chairman, the Duke of Atholl, at 16, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

In our issue of March 10 we published a picture entitled "Point-to-Point," giving the artist's name as Miss R. Rickett. This should have been Miss R. Reckitt, and the picture was published by permission of the Ward Gallery.



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Swing High, Swing Low is at the Carlton. Carole Lombard is in the lead, with Fred MacMurray, of this picture, which deals with the complicated love affairs of a jazz-band trumpeter and a café singer



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The Gunners had a grand time at their Meeting at Sandown—fine and quite pleasant weather; going good; fields ditto and a bumper "house." These snapshots include a small fraction of it. Lady Violet Vernon, seen arriving with her husband, was married in January and is Lord and Lady Cromer's younger daughter. Mr. Vernon is in the Grenadiers. The former C.I.G.S. and Lady Milne are seen making a line for the stands, and Lord Roderic Pratt, seen with two friends, rode his own Another View in the Military Hunters 'Chase. He is Lord Camden's younger son



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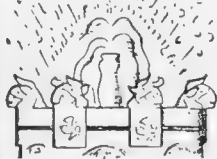
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Racing Ragout

(Continued from p. 8)

laying five favourites in a row at Kempton. It was sheer murder, as nothing on any form could be backed to beat the favourites. The Molyneux form, as I predicted, has started to work out well with Valentino winning in a trot at Kempton, though he ran so green that he swung about and almost stopped twice when he saw the crowd. Tweedledee ran like a stayer, but the handicapper will now probably make up for his original error. He is a good advertisement for Sandwich. William of Valence looked remarkably well and didn't sweat so much in the paddock before his race as usual. He won very easily, but I'm not so sure what would have happened had he been tackled. First time out in the season on this sort of course with nothing to do, these sort of horses often give one a false impression. I hope I am wrongfully maligning him.

Round and About Notes

At the Streatham Hill Theatre this week *On Your Toes* is being pre-



Photo Everard
HARRY WELCHMAN AND SYLVIA WELLING
IN "THE VAGABOND KING"

The revival, at the Coliseum, of *The Vagabond King* is proving an immensely successful move. Harry Welchman makes a gallant François Villon in this romantic musical comedy of 15th century France, and sweet-voiced Maria Elsner, playing her first big part in England, scores all along the line as Katherine de Vaucelles.



MARIA ELSNER

sented, with Jack Whiting, Gina Malo, Vera Zorina and Olive Blakeney in their original parts, together with Lew Stone and the entire company and production direct from the Palace Theatre.

* * *

Diane Raye, the much-discussed strip-tease girl, is to be seen in London after all. Kurt Robitschek announces that he has secured her for the Victoria Palace; and in her honour the show commencing on Monday, April 5, has been renamed *Strip-Teasing You*.

Mr. Robitschek has devised a new method of presenting Miss Raye, which eliminates all possibility of offence from her act, without robbing it of its piquancy. Diane herself says: "Artists use models to create beautiful pictures and sculptures; I show you Beauty in its natural state."

* * *

Beauty is enthroned and Comfort has its coronation at Olympia at the Ideal Home Exhibition.

There can be seen how the story of the Home and the story of England's history begins in a rudely thatched round hut of wicker-work and mud. In such a hut about A.D. 61 reposed the first great British Queen, Boadicea. It is to be found in Rooms of the Monarchs, where many great phases of British history are illustrated and one may note—as a side-line to history—how slowly comfort and beauty came to the homes of the great. King Alfred lived in a timbered hall, rough-hewn, furnished with massive timber benches. Time made the Royal homes richer and more majestic.

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ON THE TENNIS COURT——AND AT WORK IN "AFTER THE THIN MAN"
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SHIP" (20th CENTURY FOX)

Elissa Landi in *After the Thin Man* has a "sticky time," to which the tennis court must offer an agreeable contrast. She is suspected of abolishing her husband, but is eventually cleared by the perspicacity of William Powell as "Nick," with the assistance of "Nora," his wife, in the attractive person of Myrna Loy. The film is at the Empire. *Slave Ship* is still in production; it is a tale of the closing period of the bad old days of the slave traffic. Wallace Beery and Warner Baxter are starred in it with Elizabeth Allan



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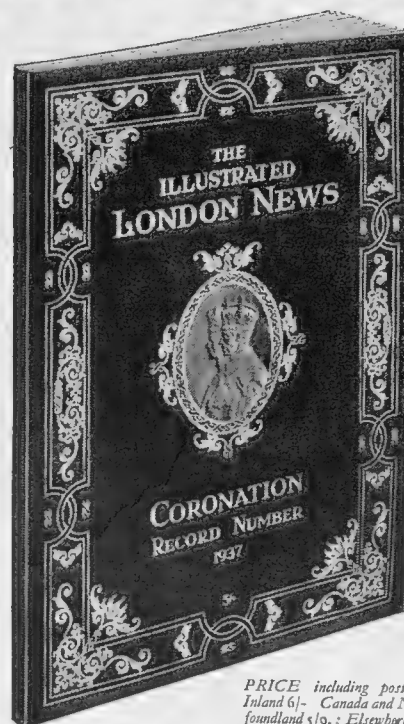
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HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI. IN
CORONATION ROBES

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THE RECOGNITION

From the Painting by Henry C. Brewer, R.I.

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THE ACT OF CROWNING

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THE CORONATION CEREMONY:

THE HOMAGE

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THE KING'S CORONATION ROBES: THE

CRIMSON ROBE OF STATE, WITH THE CAP OF

MAINTENANCE; THE GOLDEN IMPERIAL

MANTLE, WITH ST. EDWARD'S CROWN; AND

THE ROBE OF PURPLE VELVET WITH THE

IMPERIAL STATE CROWN

From the Paintings by Fortunino Matania, R.I.

SCENES OF CORONATIONS AT VARIOUS

PERIODS BEFORE AND SINCE

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR

From the Paintings by Henry C. Brewer, R.I.

THE CORONATION CHAIR, WITH THE

STONE OF SCONE, IN WESTMINSTER

ABBEY: *From a Photograph Specially taken for*

"The Illustrated London News."

THE DESCENT OF KING GEORGE VI.: A

GENEALOGICAL TABLE OF THE

KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND

SYMBOLS OF BRITISH IMPERIAL

POWER: THE CROWN OF ENGLAND (ST.

EDWARD'S CROWN) USED FOR THE ACT OF

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THE KING'S ROYAL SCEPTRE; AND THE KING'S

ORB

"HALL-MARKS OF THE BRITISH

EMPIRE AND OF BRITISH SOVE-

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CONSORTS)

KING GEORGE VI.: HIS MAJESTY FROM

ONE TO FIFTEEN YEARS OF AGE

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET KING

GEORGE VI.

Colour Plates—contd.

THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE TO THE THRONE: H.R.H.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH: *From the*

Painting by Philip A. De Laszlo, M.V.O., R.B.A., R.S.P.P.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH, CONSORT OF KING

GEORGE VI., IN CORONATION ROBES *Specially Painted*

for "The Illustrated London News" Coronation Record Number.

CAPITALS OF THE EMPIRE: CHIEF CITIES AND SEATS OF

GOVERNMENT *From the Paintings by C. E. Turner.*

H.M. THE QUEEN WITH PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN 1926

From the Painting by John St. Helier Lander, R.O.I.

THE QUEEN MOTHER: HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY

Detail of the Full-Length Portrait of her Majesty

by John St. Helier Lander, R.O.I.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH: THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE TO

THE THRONE AT DIFFERENT AGES

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CROWNS OF ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.

A GENEALOGICAL TABLE OF H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH

THE KING'S STATE COACH.

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THE KING IN CHILDHOOD AND IN BOYHOOD.

THE KING'S SERVICE IN THE ROYAL NAVY.

THE KING (AS A SUB-LIEUTENANT) ON DUTY IN H.M.S.

COLLINGWOOD.

THE KING'S INTEREST IN SPORT.

THE WEDDING OF THE KING AND QUEEN.

THEIR MAJESTIES' TOURS IN EAST AFRICA, NEW

ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA.

THE KING ON ECCLESIASTICAL AND CIVIC OCCASIONS

THE KING ON FAMILY AND PUBLIC OCCASIONS.

THE QUEEN WHEN SHE WAS LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-

LYON.

THE QUEEN'S ANCESTRAL SCOTTISH HOME.

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TOWN AND COUNTRY HOMES OF THE KING & QUEEN

THE ROYAL FAMILY AS DOG-LOVERS.

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NEWS —
MAINLY MATRIMONIAL

MISS AUDREY BULLER



MISS ELIZABETH CHILDS


 Photos: Pearl Freeman
 THE HON. MARGARET BRADBURY

All the charming young people in these pictures are more or less in the matrimonial news of the moment, as they are all about to be married. Miss Audrey Buller, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. F. E. and Mrs. Buller, is to be married on April 24 at St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington, to Flight-Lieut. G. H. Loughnan, R.A.F., son of the late Mr. N. C. Loughnan, of Clonard Castle, Kilkenny. Miss Elizabeth Childs, younger daughter of the late Mr. C. B. M. Childs, is to be married in Calcutta in the autumn to Mr. Trevor Edmundson, who is the manager of the Imperial Tobacco Company in Dacca. The Hon. Margaret Bradbury's engagement to Dr. Stanley Hooker, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hooker, of Sheerness, was announced in February. She is Lord and Lady Bradbury's only daughter. No date has been given out up to the time that this goes to press.



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change'*

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you're wearing,
I bet'*



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A VISIT to Marshall & Snelgrove's during the Centenary Celebrations will be a most pleasurable experience. Every department is making displays of outstanding beauty, and the fashion salons are showing collections of garments for the brilliant Coronation Season ahead. The Chintz Restaurant has been entirely redecorated and refurnished, and new Lifts have been installed.

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ON the left we show a lavender blue lace Evening Gown embroidered with silver thread under a lavender blue and cyclamen heavy satin coat, created on truly regal lines. The gown is priced at twenty-two guineas, the coat eleven and a half guineas.

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Photo: Janet Jevons.

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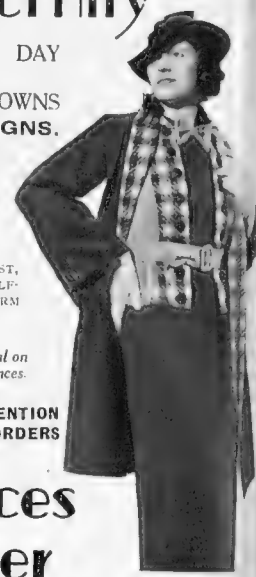
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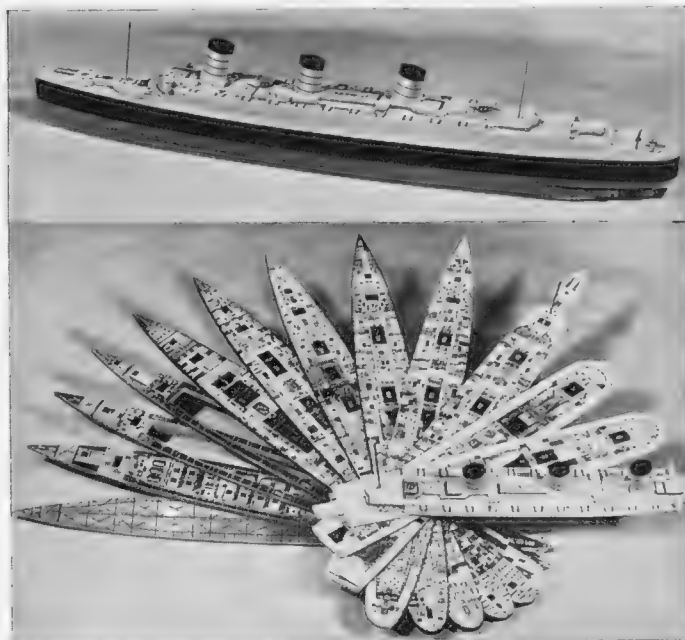
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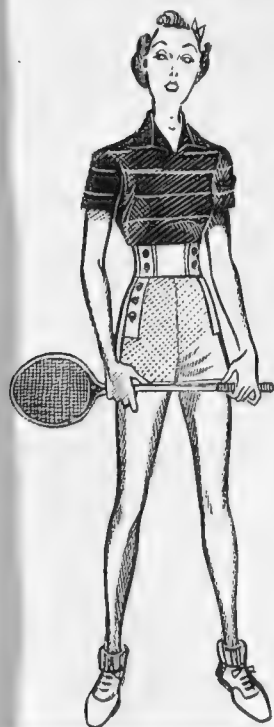
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<i>The First Woodcock</i>	<i>Flushed</i>	<i>Sunrise on the First</i>
<i>Waiting for the Turn of the Tide</i>	<i>First over the Hedge</i>	<i>A Family Party</i>

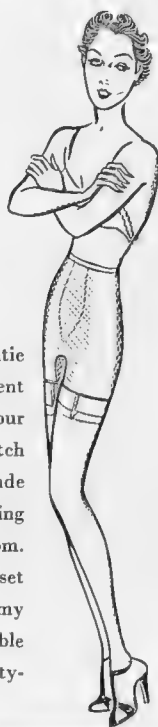
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But don't despair if at first you find
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The thing for you is a Filmy Pantie,
Which holds you tight, yet leaves you free
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"MOCCASIN"WS410. An extremely flexible
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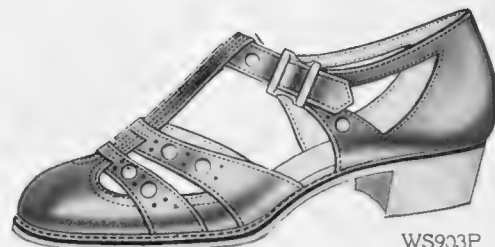
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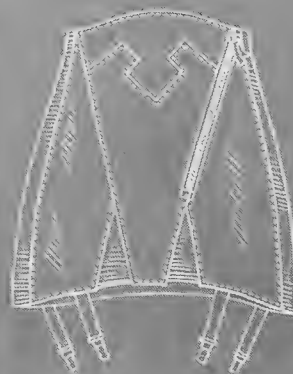


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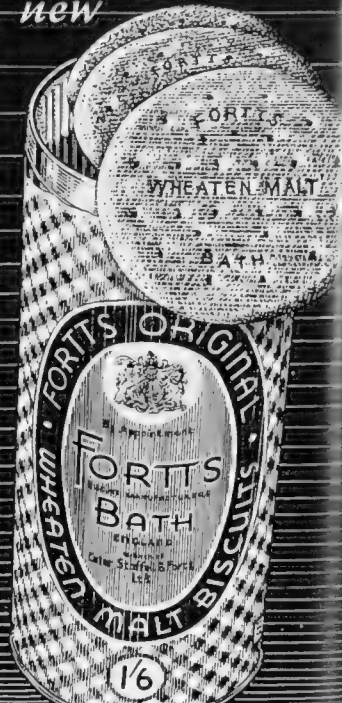
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WHEATEN MALT
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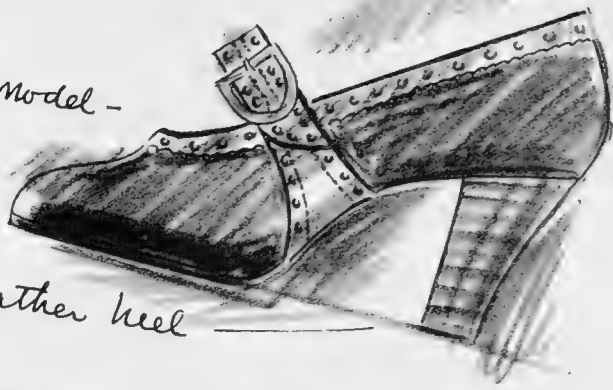
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Tan Calf

Leather heel



Blue silk cord with blue suede tassels

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Fine stitching & perforations

Leather heel



Small strap and buckle

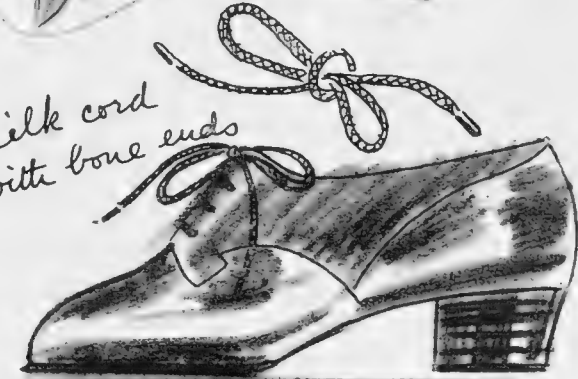
delicate perforations on toe.

TREDORE Model -
Blue Calf
Leather heel



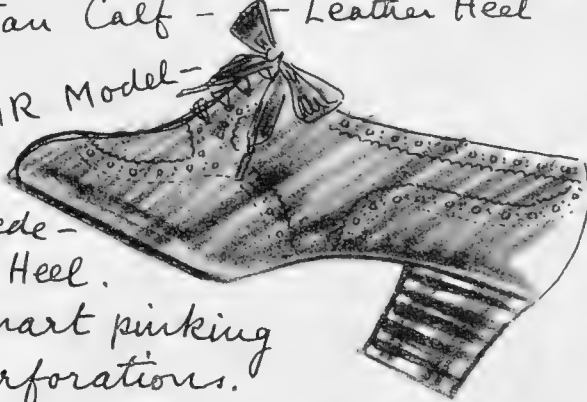
Silk cord with bone ends

GLENDRY Model - Blue suede,
Tan Calf - Leather Heel



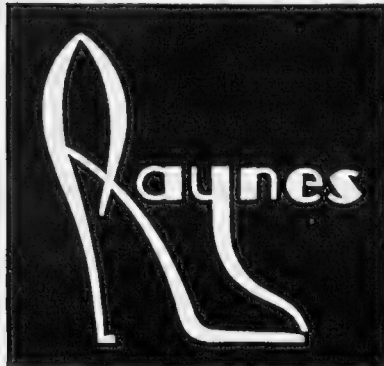
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Very smart pinking and perforations.



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Suit with pin-tuck
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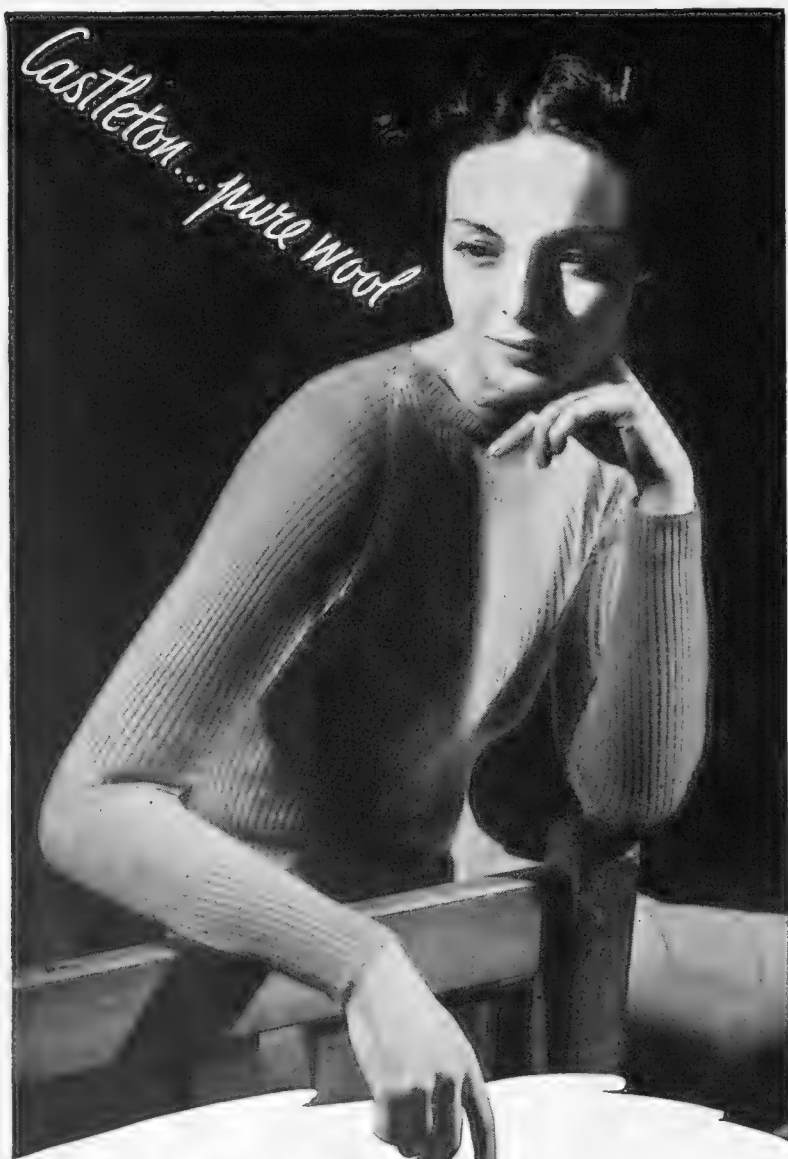
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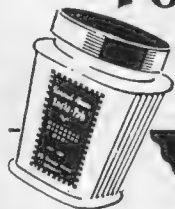


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CORONATION FINGER-TIP

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For the BRUNETTE	TULIP	Rich and satiny—with bluish undertone.
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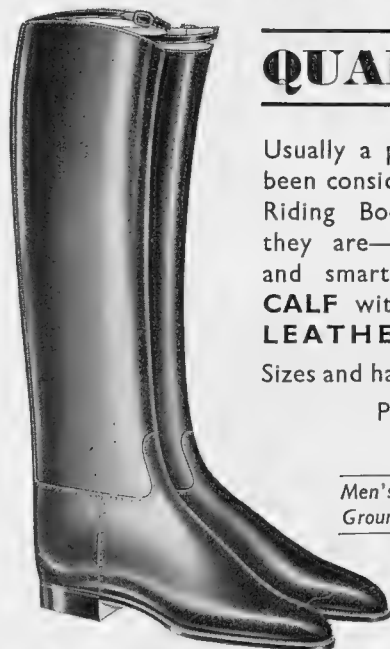
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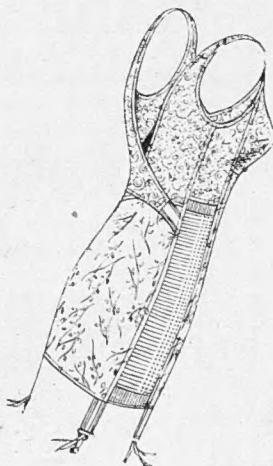
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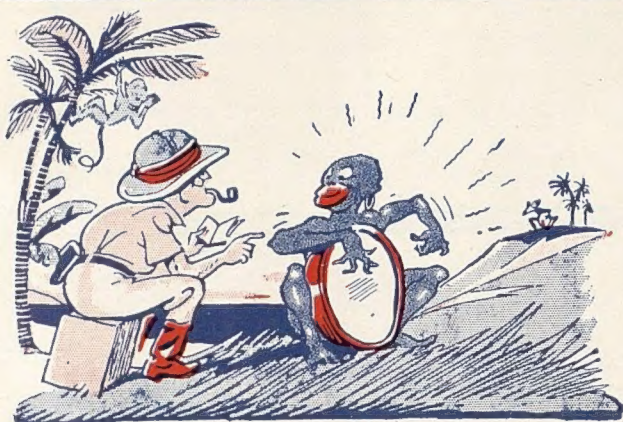




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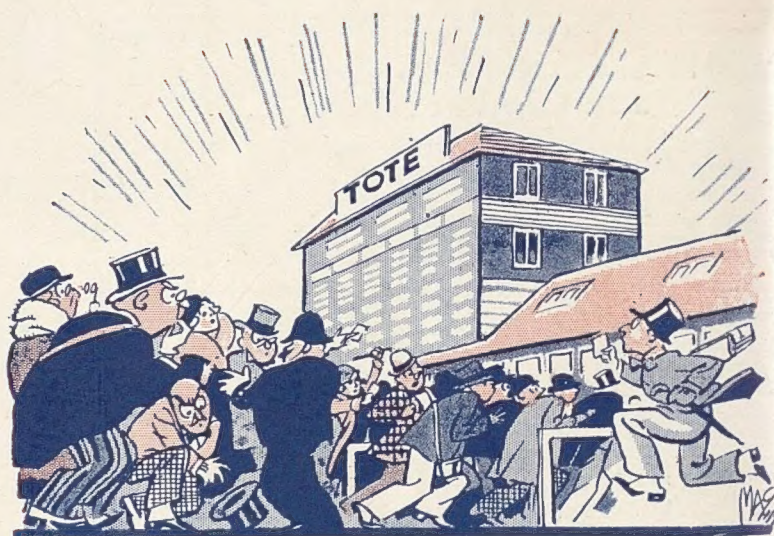


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